# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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## DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Wherefore bid me say I love you?
Nay—appeal you to the past;
If my deeds no tale have told you,
Words may to the winds be cast;
These, though every hour repented,
Ne'er had held your heart so fast.

Years ago I would not bind you,
Though your pledge you bade me take;
Lest some future day should find you,
For your honor's, not my sake,
Riveting, before God's altar,
Chains you rather longed to break.

Think not that your love I doubted
Even in its earliest spring;
But I asked myself the question:
What will years of waiting bring?
God be thanked—the trial ended,
Both our hearts the closer cling.

Why, then, bid me *say* "I love you;"
Look into the past, and see
If each thought of mine and labor,
Were not for *us*—not for *me*.
Deeds, not words, have bound us—may we
Still by them united be.

RUTH BUCK.

## Original Novelet.

# UNCLE WOLFE.

### A STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

V.

"Did you really feel so bad? Well, I'm glad to see the color come back to you. H'm! guess if you was a sexton's daughter, and seen as many coffins and tombstones and open graves as I have, and seen as many dead folks, you wouldn't turn pale at nothing. Sometimes I think it's very hardening to the faculties;" and the little old seamstress gave a little old sigh.

I replied, truly, that I had not felt quite well during the morning, and the thought that so much grief and trouble had been experienced the parsonage, affected me unpleasantly. In return for this I was favored with stories of haunted houses, blood spots, walking spectres, corpse-lights, and all sorts and styles of apparitions of every age and condition. Nor could I stop the unpleasant volubility of the little woman's tongue. It seemed literally hung upon fires, and at last I had to beg her to leave such very unpleasant subjects and tell me about the dominie's children, and what became of them.

"La! me, why they hadn't any nigh relations in this country," said my voluble informer, plying the needle faster than ever. She was not one of that numerous class of talkers who cannot speak without laying down the work and only folding the hands; needle and tongue kept time together. "Let's see; she was seven when her father died. Harry, my! but wasn't he a fine little fellow! was ten and must be pretty nigh through college For two or three years the poor little things was tossed about from diller to post, until a well to do widder-lady took them under her wing, sent Harry to school, and Lilly is with her now.

"The lady is an Englisher with a little property and a pension, that ables her to live comfortable, and Lilly is the handsomest and most devotedest child that was ever seen. She's as pretty! my—but I dare say you'll see her church next Sunday. Lews! the little thing! how she used to run about the dominie's great pew in the old chapel, yet all the time jest as quiet and as cunning! I can see her blue eyes now peeping over at the congregation. You never could find it in your heart to speak a cross word to Lilly, even if she made you laugh right out in the meeting. This widder, Mrs. Johns, is a very fine scholard they say, and Miss Lilly knows more than the boarding-school edicated young ladies. She was naterally such a knowing child!"

"Where does she live, Miss Mehitable?"

Why, if ever you went down the county road, you must have seen a straw-color cottage away back off from the road with a good many trees about it. Tain't more'n a mile from here, you know. She walks up sometimes to the old grave-yard to see the dominie's tombstone."

Wilfred saw her then!" I exclaimed somewhat excited.

Who's Wilfred?" queried Miss Mehitable, for the time laying down her work as she asked the question.

Why! my brother," I answered.

Is he a young man?"

Two years older than I am," I replied, looking at her queerly earnest gaze.

Is he got good habits?" still asked the tiny mistress.

Of course he has! Wilfred—why what a question!"

Cause, you see, there's a young man came once or twice to look at the property, they say his father was the one that got it from old dominie, poor old man! and he saw Lilly, and tried to go a courting her. But they say he was a dretful bad young fellow, and would break his wife's heart if ever he got one. I was afraid it was him Everybody here, you knows Lilly and wouldn't want her to make a poor match, though the fellow was as handsome as Jupiter himself."

Oh! no," I said, unwilling to acknowledge my relationship with my disputed cousin, "Wilfred is both handsome and good; it wasn't him"

There was a short silence, broken again by Miss Mehitable, who said,

"Mr. Harry is to come home this week. You must look out for yourself, young lady, when you see him"

"Why so, pray?" I asked.

"Oh! he's so nice, and so handsome! and, I don't say it to flatter you, there ain't two prettier young ladies in all the county than you and Miss Lilly."

I suppose I blushed, I know I laughed as I answered,

"That may be, but I don't see what the young gentleman has to live on. He certainly must be in very slender circumstances, and it won't do for me to fall in love with a penniless young man, or for a penniless young man to fall in love with me. My uncle has an eye to the money-bags you see."

"Oh! I dare to say," replied Miss Mehitable, with a funny grimace, "but love laughs at uncles, I 'spose, as well as locksmiths." The dinner-bell put an end to our confab.

Miss Mehitable was as talkative at dinner as she had been over her sewing. She had a queer way of handling her knife and fork, holding her fore-finger very low down on the tines, and squaring her elbows off, so that had the table been full, the persons who sat on either side must have suffered from her motions. Nevertheless she was so perfectly satisfied with herself, that she never noticed my uncle's nervous frown, nor Wilfred's (saucy boy) furtive glances at me out of the corners of his roguish eyes. She told little anecdotes of her childhood—how she came one rainy day through the mire and mud to ask the dominie who made God, and went back as wise as she came. I trembled lest she should refer to the suicide, for I knew my uncle's unhappy temperament, but she avoided the subject.

Once or twice she spoke of Lilly, the old pastor's daughter, and once, with a queer look at me, of her brother. My uncle seemed interested, asked many questions about the dominie's children, and once or twice smiled at the little lady's quaintness.

"It was a feast you know, ('you know' was one of her fixed facts in conversation) to see the dear dominie and his handsome wife and children settin' in this very room; for he had an odd idea that he could write best with his family about him. So, mistress, she had her little rocking-chair fixed just about there, and her work-table drawed up to her side, you know, and the maid would come in and lift up her pretty brown curls. Then little Harry, sitting on the stoop, here, with the glass door open, a playing with his play-things, and little Lilly, playing with her doll like an angel, and he, the dominie, sometimes writing with a grave look on his face, sometimes turning about to see the children. Oh! it was all so nice! a sight to see; and I believe they was happier than kings"

"How long has the dominie been dead?" asked Uncle Wolfe.

"Ten years," replied Mehitable; "he was a clever man, and everybody loved him."

VI.

The next Sunday our new carriage was driven up, and we prepared ourselves for church. The horses, a beautiful span of grays, bore us bravely over the road. The church was two miles off, and groups of people from the neighboring farms and cottages walking leisurely along, stared as we passed them with our splendid establishment. The good, simple country folk had never seen anything quite so elegant, and our importance was consequently doubled in their eyes. I am certain now that I felt very proud with all my show of humility and that I gazed with much complacency on the walking rustics, appropriating the homage of their glances to myself.

In the great city our lustre had been lost; here we shone with undiminished glory, and were emphatically the "great folks" of the place. At least no carriage on the road could compare with ours. I thought little of the sanctity of the day, or of those devotional feelings which it was my duty and privilege to cultivate while nearing the house of worship. I wondered if my bonnet was becoming? If I had better wear my veil down in church? If the minister was young? If we should meet the dominie's son and daughter? What would be thought of us? And if we should not on the whole, make a decided impression as to our standing in society? I determined to be very modest, meek, and outwardly unassuming, so that the poor people should not feel the difference; and when I entered the neat little meeting-house God was not "in all my thoughts."

What a morning it was! How richly the sun lay on the broad fields! how softly the clouds hung from the blue heavens, and gathered here and there in fleecy pictures! I sat by an open window. Near me glittered a few tombstones, for the grave-yard was new, and death and age had not yet gathered to themselves the mosses of time. The head-stones were tiny, fresh, and white. The heads that slept beneath them were as yet untouched by the spoiler, decay. Oh! I thought—could this sun but light up their gloom!

I gazed about in vain to find my ideals; the dominie's son and daughter were nowhere near me, I was very sure, and I soon became reconciled to their absence by noting the many admiring eyes turned to my brother's handsome face.

The pastor came in and ascended the pulpit stairs. At first I was not pleased with him; he had too jovial a countenance There was none of the primness, sadness and paleness, which I had always, in some way, associated with the ministry. But the first hymn he read dissipated those impressions—so sweet! so full of music was the voice! so rich and deeply toned, as with the pathos of true feeling he read the familiar words,

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?"

We all stood up after the old-fashioned air had been played through with flute and viol, and there—at the head of the little choir-company—I knew it must be her—stood Lilly Rathburn, the dominie's daughter. By her side was a young man whose features resembled her own, but who, I could not deny, in the few hasty glances I gave, was even handsomer than my brother Wilfred.

Lilly was dressed in exquisite taste, yet with an almost severe simplicity. Brown hair hung beneath her chip-bonnet, and upon her neck in thick, glossy curls. Her eyes were blue, her countenance, as Will had said, was angelic. Wilfred was gazing with his whole soul in his eyes, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, he picked out the following words—irreverent boy!—from the hymn-book, "it is *the* one!"

The singing was very sweet. I had been accustomed to trained choirs, where the leaders claimed and received exorbitant salaries for their services, but although the rich and solemn reverberating peal of the organ were wanting, those soft, silvery voices, Lilly's leading, seemed more pure, more appropriate for the worship of Almighty God. Even my worldly heart felt that.

At the close of the services we stood in the door-way, while the throng moved out. As we remained the singers coming down stairs, I felt a sharp, peculiar grasp on my arm, as if a pair of claws had clutched it, and turning, there stood Mehitable, in an enormous straw-bonnet, with a red rose on each side of her face, just above the eyebrows, and a crisp curl on the top of her forehead.

"How *do* you du, Miss Myrtilla?" she cried, shifting a huge parasol which served often in the stead of an umbrella, "I knew you'd be to church to-day. How do you like our dominie? ain't he clever?"

My cheeks burned—for, foolish that I was, I felt annoyed at her familiarity; but at that moment, beautiful Lilly Rathburn caught her eye, and she hurried from me—but returning in the space of a second, led the unresisting girl towards me.

"I want you two to git acquainted," said the persevering little spinster, breathing hard from her exertion. "This is Miss Myrtilla Lenox, of the old parsonage, my dear—and this is the Lilly Rathburn, I spoke to you about. Now do you be friends, dears."

We shook hands, awkwardly, of course, both blushing—and Wilfred, who stood by half abashed, half amused, went through the same ceremony, though not with his usual, easy grace. Then came Harry's turn; he disengaging himself from a bevy of country belles—and so, according to Miss Mehitable's desire, we were all acquainted.

It was but an act of common politeness to offer the two a seat in our carriage, as we were to pass directly by the straw-colored residence of the widow St. Johns. They accepted, Lilly saying that they did intend to stay, but as she left her aunt somewhat indisposed, she should prefer to return. Before the twenty minutes drive was at an end, we had exchanged many words and good wishes. Indeed I felt attached to and familiar with the sweet girl almost from the first. She spoke of the parsonage which she reverenced as her old home, where she had been born, and had followed both parents to the grave—and the tears started to her eyes as she told me how often she had wandered through its desolate rooms, while it had been tenantless—left to the mercy of the rain and the winds of Heaven. I wondered to myself whether she had gone to that room where one day she wept wildly, bemoaning a lost mother.

VII.

After that Lilly and I met nearly every day. It was Harry's vacation, and as my uncle never inquired into our plans, but allowed us to have full possession of the grays, only stipulating that we should not use the *carriage* more than twice a week. Lilly and I took many a horse-back ride together. She had hunted up an ancient side-saddle, and beautiful she looked in her little brown riding hat and dress of sea green, her curls floating free, her cheeks flushed, and her eye kindled with the fires of health, dancing and laughing.

Many were the parties we planned and enjoyed—many the hours we sat in the cool woods, or gathered the choicest flowers to weave into garlands. At first I thought I loved Lilly better than any living creature in the world, but, almost insensibly, yet very naturally, the gentle girl began to glide from my side to that of Wilfred, while Harry, by some magic, was transferred to me. Thus we walked, talked, and finally—loved.

Not only handsome and gifted was this Harry, who now belonged to me more than his sister, but he was good. He was eminently a Christian, and looked forward to the time when he might devote himself to the ministry. In such society for a while I seemed what I was not. There were many little social meetings for worship, held during the week, and I began to attend them with the orphans. When I first heard the rich tones of the man I loved, rising in prayer to the Maker of all, I felt ashamed, in some degree, of my worldliness, as I had never felt before. As little by little I unfolded my feelings to Harry, I was willing to be led in the right path by him. Thank God! I followed while he taught the way.

The parsonage, old and dull as it had been before, became now almost gay, for it resounded with the gleeful voices of Harry and Lilly. My uncle, though always kindly in manner towards them, was never really cordial I thought I sometimes perceived that he looked frowningly upon Harry, especially when the latter pointed out three or four rows of old books that had been the property of his father. And once, when Wilfred said something in a low voice and peculiar manner to Lilly, I know not what, but which caused her to blush, I saw a red spot rise on either cheek, and with a quick, impatient gesture my uncle arose and left the room.

"What did you do?" I asked, going immediately towards Wilfred, and speaking in an under tone, as I laid my hand on his arm.

"Do! why! What do you mean?" he answered.

"Uncle looked at you just now with a terrible frown, and then went out as if something displeased him."

"All conjecture, sis; I did nothing in the world, save to talk nonsense to Lilly," and he smiled towards her, but she looked down blushing. "He took a whim to go into the garden, I imagine," Wilfred added; "or perhaps he had a rheumatic twinge just then, and the change in his face looked like anger. Pray, why should he be displeased with *me*? he never was yet, with either of us."

I glanced at Lilly. She had turned a little aside, and was gazing thoughtfully upon the geranium blossoms in the window. I broke one of them from the stem, and tucked the bit of crimson in her curls, but though from that time we laughed and talked cheerfully, that glance, that shrug of displeasure, would intrude, and in spite of myself, I felt unhappy.—Nor was this impression effaced at the supper table, for my uncle was scarcely ordinarily civil, and the meal passed off in uncomfortable silence.

"There *is* something the matter with uncle," said Wilfred, thoughtfully; "I never saw him in such a mood."

This was some time before we parted with our friends.

"I'm afraid," I began, and then paused.

"Afraid of what?" he asked, abruptly.

"Never mind—I'll tell you some time—not now, not now; come, get your guitar and your flute; we will all walk down to the dell, and have some music in this soft twilight."

He ran up stairs and soon returned, bearing the guitar for me and the flute for himself, and we went together to the pine woods. Instead of leaving when the twilight had gone, we sat singing, playing and chatting, happy as it was possible for young and unworldly hearts to be, till the round moon came up and hung glorious lights on all the tree-tops, and silvered the turf at our feet.

At one time, Lilly and I had wandered off together a very little way, our arms about each other's waists, peering timorously into the deep gloom-filled hollows, starting at the bending of a bough, and laughing at our own fancies. When we returned, we could not help but pause a moment at sight of the two young men.

As Lilly and I clung together, so did they, their arms intertwined, seated close together. Wilfred was looking up, his large, dark eyes wandering among the stars, that now and then, like stray angels, glanced down through the thick foliaged trees. His hair waved gently in the soft breeze, his handsome features were in perfect repose, and seemed as if cut in marble. Harry was gazing at him earnestly, tenderly, the profile of his noble face, with its Roman nose and lustrous eye, towards us, the chin resting upon his hand, the elbow upon his knee, his attitude most graceful, his manner most tender. He was talking to Wilfred, in low, pleading, eager tones.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Wilfred, lightly, "I'm all right, with the exception of a pretty high temper, and that I've no fear but that I can conquer."

"I wonder where it is? I never saw it," I ventured, drawing nearer.

"Oh, it's here, sis, inside, but under pretty good control, I flatter myself," replied Wilfred, now laughing; "but seriously, I don't know as any of those depravities I have been discussing with Harry ever troubled me."

"*I* don't believe you have even got a high temper," I replied, slightly piqued because he had made, as I thought, an uncalled-for confession.

"Why, sis," he replied, gravely, "upon my word, I came pretty near inflicting a serious injury upon a man once, and yet it is the greatest proof of my self-control that when I had him in my power, and the chance weapon was uplifted that might have felled him to the earth—when I was aggravated up to the very highest pitch of human endurance—I said to passion 'stop!' and, like a strong horse suddenly curbed, it obeyed me."

"Nonsense!" I replied, "you are always trying to make yourself out as a very terrible monster because you were once somewhat angry. Don't you believe it, Lilly. He's as gentle as a kitten, and would'n't harm a fly."

"Hear her, Harry! listen! I believe sis thinks I'm a paragon of goodness. I ought not to undeceive her, ought I?"

Although he spoke banteringly, it gave me pain, and I looked imploringly towards him, but he did not see. I little dreamed under what terrible circumstances those words would recur to me.

Wilfred rattled on in much the same strain till we prepared to go. All the way home, Harry was unusually grave. I feared that Wilfred had perhaps fallen in his estimation, and I could not praise my dear brother sufficiently.—Then I chattered about anything and everything that came uppermost. As we approached the parsonage, the light was still burning in the study. I remarked that it was strange; uncle never sat up after eight, at least very rarely. Could he have forgotten, and left the light there?

"The old gentleman may be dozing," replied Wilfred.

"The old gentleman has stayed up for you, sir!" said a stern voice, and we saw my uncle standing on the stone step outside the study.—"It is but due my office as acting in the stead of a parent, I think, that you inform me when you are to be gone on moonlight rambles till this time of the night."

"It cannot be later than nine, Uncle Wolfe," I ventured.

"It is ten, miss; and whether the hour be early or late, I disapprove of your whole proceedings. Good night, young friends. Wilfred and Myrtilla, I wish you to come directly into the house."

I started forward, and tremblingly obeyed his commands. There was something terrible to me in the strange, dark look that clouded his face. Not so Wilfred. He stood still for a moment, as if making up his mind, then deliberately turned and walked towards the gate, following Lilly and her brother.

"He stays out all night, then," said my uncle, in a voice of passion, as he locked the door upon him and took out the key. "And if he isn't careful how he conducts himself in future, he may have to stay out altogether," he added.

"Oh! uncle," I cried out, in alarm, "you don't mean it! You don't surely mean that you have locked Wilfred out—let me go, too; Wilfred must not—must not stay out, all alone."

"You will retire to your chamber if you please," replied my uncle, in a voice as cold and quiet as it had before been hot and angry. "You see you cannot get out, unless you jump from the window."

"I will get out," was my answer, in a low tone, for I was roused at this uncalled-for injustice. I hurried up stairs, longing to give vent to my indignation in anything beside tears—but the tears would come, and I leaned my head on my hands and wept like a child.

"What have I done? What has Wilfred done?" I queried, again and again. "Surely we have committed no indiscretion worthy of his anger—is he changing? is he tired of us? what can this cruel manner mean?"

In vain I perplexed my mind and taxed my memory, striving to think over all we had said and done that afternoon. Finally I dated the change in my uncle from the time I had noticed him start and flush when Wilfred spoke to Lilly.

I went to the window and looked forth into the quiet evening. The grand old trees stood motionless in the mild, soft light—the black shadows lay as if cut in ebony, slanting across the lawn, and my brother was not in sight. I called him softly, but heard no answer, and then it flashed over me that he had gone home with Lilly and her brother. Too much agitated to sleep, I struck a light and walked the floor restlessly, first exchanging my dress for a wrapper. I had not long been thus engaged, when the handle of the door moved, and turning, I beheld Wilfred, white as a sheet—his whole mien disordered, his eyes wild and angry.

"Wilfred! how strangely you look!" was my first exclamation—"how did you get in?"

"Broke through one of the cellar windows," he replied, in a dull voice, "and if he undertakes to lock me out again! He'd better not attempt it," he added, with a menace.

"Hush! he is up yet. What can he mean? what is the matter with him? Is he going crazy, do you think?"

"Yes, crazy with his lust for gold! If Lilly Rathburn and her brother were rich he would never have cared if we had stayed out all night. That is the secret—he hates them because of their poverty."

"Why, Wilfred! can you think that of him?"

"Yes, I can, and I do," he replied, doggedly, throwing himself on a lounge by the window. "The long and the short of this matter is, he fears you like Harry, and I, Lilly—and they are poor."

A hot flush ran through my veins as he said this. I had before been content to think calmly about Harry Rathburn; to walk by his side with even pulses, to look for his approving smile with a sort of sisterly confidence—but now, I knew by the heavy, rapid beat of my heart—the almost suffocating sensation in my throat, and the thrill of pleasure that passed over me, that I loved him better than that. No more would my pulses be calm in his presence—no longer his answering smile so confidently looked for, so quietly received! Wilfred only said "like," a trite, commonplace word, but my own new rush of feeling, so sudden! so overpowering! I knew what he meant—and I did not, could not answer for some moments.

"He thinks right!" said Wilfred, abruptly, after a pause. "I *do* love Lilly Rathburn and I *will* marry her, if I have to work my fingers to the bone. Let him insult me again, before my friends—insult them either, and by Heaven—he'll rue it!"

"Oh! Wilfred—don't talk so! don't look so white and ghastly! you certainly would not revenge yourself upon an old man!"

"I don't know what I should do if he should force me to resent a like offence. All I have to say is, I don't want him to try that trick again. Think how degraded I felt to have my company sent home before my eyes—to be commanded and reprimanded in that manner. I won't live in such dependence! I won't be ordered in that way by any one. And see here, Tilly, I wouldn't tell you before, for fear of marring your day's pleasure—but uncle has sent for Dick Lyons and his sister, to make us a visit"

"Why, Wilfred! it can't be! what will Harry, what will Lilly think of them?"

"Think? Why that one is a fop and the other a fool; but you can tell them that Dick is heir to a cool hundred thousand, and his sister the richest heiress in E———. Pity if they can't see some good in them, then. Lack of brains is nothing to lack of cash. If they should venture to assert that Dick Lyons is a by-word for his softness and his intrigues, and his sister next to an idiot in consequence of the intermarriage of a family of sap-heads, tell them to put on the spectacles of the almighty dollar, and these little deficiencies will disappear."

"You know better, Will," I replied; "it is only because you feel incensed against Uncle Wolfe, that you say such things. You know that Lilly and Harry will despise them both. Oh! Wilfred, are you *sure* they are coming?"

"I tell you, Uncle Wolfe told me so to-day, and you know well enough what he expects of us."

"I *did* know what he expected of me. Dick Lyons had professed to admire me, and even—faugh! I sicken as I say it—to love me. My uncle had encouraged him, evidently expecting me, *desiring* me to favor his suit. He had met them when we lived in state and fashion in the city. Everybody bowed down to them as the representatives of a millionaire, whose great wealth they would inherit—everybody but Will and I. We could not but see their shallow, superficial minds through the glittering golden veil, but strange to say, we were the most persecuted by their attentions. Dick had never directly asked me to be his wife, for he was not quite so silly as to be wholly blind to my ill concealed disgust of him and of his favors. As to Wilfred, Dick's elder sister had shown an unmistakable preference for him, and as she was neither extravagant nor fond of show, indeed, was close almost to meanness in her expenditures, her money was untouched, and she was very willing to pay a large premium for a husband with more sense than herself.

"I'll go to Lilly Rathburn's and stay," I exclaimed, vexed beyond all patience; "I won't remain in the house with those two ninnies. I did think we should be safe from such visitations out here!"

"So did I. But we must not be rash. If you go to Lilly's, why then uncle will disinherit you; he's just the man to do it. I tell you he'll scruple at nothing, so that his ends are answered. I know his determined character of old."

"I don't care if he does; I'll go live with Mehitable, and take in sewing, then, before I'll be subjected to that frightful Dick Lyon's persecutions. Uncle has written encouragingly to him, or he never would visit this dull place, never"

"Well, if you go, you'll have to pack up soon," said Wilfred, in reply, "for they will be here by to-morrow night. I shall stay *here*, and see the game played out. When I know exactly what are the old gentleman's intentions, and when he *forbids* me, once for all, in so many words, to have anything to do with the Rathburns, why, then, we'll see what will come of it. But I'm keeping you out of bed. It's late, too. Good-night, and don't be troubled. Some good Providence will help us out, and *I'll* stand by you, if worst comes to worst. I'm a man, almost, thank God! I can provide for both."

"Good-night, dear Will! we can stand by and help each other. But have you forgotten that we invited Lilly and Harry here for to-morrow evening! Oh, Wilfred! will they come now, think you?"

"To be sure they will, if it's for the last time. They *shall* come, and I shall glory in showing them off against Dick and his simpering sister. If Uncle Wolfe is not ashamed of himself, I shall be ashamed of him. Good-night again!" and with a kiss we parted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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AN INFAMOUS DEED.—In the middle of the eighteenth century there was an actress on the French stage, of the name of Chantilly. She, though beloved by Maurice de Saxe, preferred a more honorable attachment, and married Favart, the well-known writer of songs and comic operas. Maurice, amazed at her boldness, applied for aid to the French Crown. That he should have made such an application is sufficiently strange; but the result of it is hardly to be paralleled except in some eastern despotism. The Government of France, on hearing the circumstances, had the inconceivable baseness to issue an order directing Favart to abandon his wife, and entrust her to the charge of Maurice.

These are among the insufferable provocations by which the blood of man is made to boil in their veins. Who can wonder that the greatest and noblest minds in France were filled with loathing at the Government by whom such things were done? If we, notwithstanding the distance of time and country, are roused to indignation by the mere mention of them, what must have been felt by those before whose eyes they actually occurred?—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.


## A SPICY LETTER.

We have received the following letter, written in a neat, ladylike hand, and evidently "by authority:"—

NEW YORK, June 10th.

*Editors of Evening Post:*—You copy this absurd paragraph in your paper:—

The veritable John Dean, who married Mary Ann Boker, is now a marker in the New York Custom House, on a salary of $600 per annum. His father-in-law has gone to Europe, and, as it is said, has not left John and Mary a single red cent to live on.

John Dean is not a marker in the New York Custom House—his father-in-law has not gone to Europe—has not "cut off" John and Mary, the latter having one hundred thousand dollars of her own right. Mr. Boker's business is generally regarded here as his own, but newspapers like the Philadelphia "Post" seem to think his business is theirs, and that falsehoods are better than no reference to the "interesting" subject. You are welcome to all the credit you will get from vicious people—from decent persons, who regard the private affairs of the family as no matter for publicity, you will receive contempt for your notice.

Our starry correspondent is a little angry, and does not discriminate in her wrath. We did not invent the offending paragraph, but merely copied it among the news of the day.—It is not our custom to pry into the "private affairs" of any family—but when private affairs are brought into the Courts for settlement, they become public, and the undoubted staple of news. The "Dean and Boker" affair was a rather curious one, and naturally attracted considerable attention. If the parties to it did not wish to be talked about, they should have acted differently. The poet says:—

"The proper study of mankind is man"—

but how are we to study mankind—and womankind—if new and curious manifestations of human nature are not to be chronicled? Humdrum people, who keep within the lines of every-day behaviour and decorous dullness, cannot get into the papers if they would. It is only those who are out of the common way—who are romantic, picturesque, absurd, foolish or criminal—that are able to furnish entertainment and instruction for the million, and food for thought to the philosopher and the moralist. We trust that after our fair correspondent has considered the matter in this light, she will view the insertion of such paragraphs as the one she condemns, more leniently. In the meantime, we are obliged to her for her denials of the false statements of said paragraph.

THE SWINDLING SCHEMES.—An individual at Castleton writes to the Mayor of New York, that he has been swindled out of about $50 by the bogus lottery at Plaistow, N. H. Probably this gentleman did not take a paper, times being too hard for him to subscribe to one.

The Postmaster at Greenup, Ky., forwarded to Mayor Tiemann a copy of a monthly publication called "The New York Journal," edited by a Dr. Bland, which offers "health, happiness and long life," for $3 or $5. It also asserts that "immense quantities of cheap metals, as history and eye-witnesses do declare, have been, by different persons, quickly transmitted into purest fine gold. William Turner, a brass founder in Green street, in this city (New York) recently saw many pounds of it so made, even in his own shop. Dr. Lawrence, of this city has done it frequently, and makes no secret of it and it is done in every government in Europe, and there is another exalted and intensely popular medical gentleman of this city, (Dr. Bland himself probably,) who though belied and slandered by a set of low-bred ruffians, is continually doing the same wonderful thing for his own pastime, and also to relieve the necessities of the indigent poor."

In another article on the same subject the editor says: "The profits are enormous, sure, easy and certain. I will send specimens by mail on receipt of one dollar."

There are a number of other ridiculous things promised—among them, "how to make fences last a hundred years; how to raise grass and clover without seed; how to increase the weight of grain one-third; how to roast meat without fire; how animals may be boiled, roasted, and baked all at once, and still alive; how to cause a fowl to roast himself; how a common hen's egg may be made to grow larger than a man's head; how to court an American woman, a French woman, a red haired woman, a German woman, a Spanish woman, a quadroon, and a Quakeress; how to make one dollar appear like, and be satisfactorily received as two dollars; how to become invisible," &c., showing that the publishers had made large calculations on the gullibility of the community. Doubtless the results have proved that they were not "counting without their host," as all these recent developments show that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

## SPRUCE BEER.

A lady correspondent says:—

You would oblige an old reader of your paper, (if convenient,) by furnish a recipe for making a good article of spruce beer. That you published on Saturday the 4th of June, hardly deserves the name of beer. I tried the direction faithfully, and it is nothing but plain molasses and water yet.

Could you give a cheap and economical mode of distilling? I have heard that any person could distil rose water by a simple apparatus. You would confer a great favor upon more than one of your readers, if you would give a plain description how and what kind of utensils are used. I mean for very small quantities. Respectfully, MATILDA B

We regret that we are unable at present to give "a cheap and economical mode of distilling rose water," but trust that any of our readers who may know of such a mode, will impart the desired information.

As to the spruce beer, we find the following receipts in the *Country Gentleman*—with an additional one for ginger beer—from J. I. C., of West Philadelphia. Our correspondent can try them—they at least will result in something else than "plain molasses and water"—although molasses and water, with a little vinegar, is by no means a drink to be despised in hot weather.

SPRUCE BEER.—Put into a large kettle ten gallons of water, quarter of a pound of hops, and a teacupful of ginger. Boil them until the hops sink to the bottom. Then dip out a bucketful of the liquor, and stir into it six quarts of molasses, and three ounces and a half of essence of spruce. When all is dissolved, mix it with the liquor in the kettle, strain it through a hair sieve into a cask, and stir well into it half a pint of good strong yeast. Let it ferment a day or two, then bung up the cask, and the beer may be bottled the next day. It will be fit for use in a week.

For essence of spruce, two pounds of the outer green sprigs of spruce fir, (or hemlock) boiled ten minutes in the liquor, may be substituted.

ANOTHER.—Boil a handful of hops (rather indefinite) in two and a half gallons of water, and when it is luke-warm, stir into it a tablespoonful of ground, white ginger, a pint of molasses, a tablespoonful of essence of spruce, and half a pint of yeast. Mix all well together in a stone jug, and let it ferment for a day and a half, or two days. Then put it into bottles, with three or four raisins in the bottom of each, to prevent any further fermentation. It will be fit for immediate use.

GINGER BEER.—The following is a very delicate, refreshing summer drink, much preferred by many to spruce beer, and more easily made:

Break a pound and a half of best loaf-sugar, and mix with it three ounces of best, white Jamaica ginger, broken as fine as possible, and the grated peel of two lemons. Put these ingredients into a large stone jar, and pour over them two gallons of boiling water. When it becomes milk-warm, strain it and add the juice of the lemons and two large tablespoonfuls of yeast. Make this beer in the evening, and let it stand all night. Next morning bottle it in strong glass or stone bottles, tying down the corks with twine. It is better after standing a few days.

THE FLOOD.—According to late advices, the levee at Cairo had given way, and the whole town almost was under water. The damage at that place is very great—the assessed valuation of the town in 1857 being two millions. It is doubtful that many of the buildings will remain standing—as the flood had reached two and a-half feet above the floor of the dining-room of the Taylor House, which is in the second story, and some houses were already tumbling. A Western contemporary says:—

"From the top of the 'Big Mound' a wonderful view could be had with a telescope.—Brooklyn, or rather the tops of the houses, peeped from the surface of the waste of waters. The river is spread away into the country, to where the horizon is hidden by a belt of trees. Further up the river, the islands had dwindled to a puny size. Water every where predominated."

The *Oquawka Spectator*, of the 11th, says:—

THE MISSISSIPPI TEN MILES WIDE.—The steamer Silver Lake, now plies regularly between Burlington, Iowa, and Oquawka Junction, the present western terminus of the Chicago and Burlington Railroad—*a distance of nearly ten miles.* The railroad track is at the bottom of an ocean of water for a distance of ten miles. This new steamer is now a regular railroad packet, connecting with morning and evening trains. Capt. Willoughby reports that the shallowest water they found on Monday, was four feet, and the river has risen half as much more since.

From Memphis, Tenn., we learn that the Great Yazoo Pass gave way on the night of the 17th, and the water of the Mississippi was rushing through the opening, felling the trees in its course, and deluging the whole valley. As a consequence, the water in the river itself had fallen eight or ten feet. We hope this account is exaggerated.

From other quarters we learn that the floods are subsiding—the damage probably being less than was generally feared.

DECREASE OF THE POPULATION OF NEW YORK.—As the New York Directory for 1858-9 shows a decrease of names, it is argued that the population of that city has diminished. The number of names is about 140,000—nearly 4,000 less than the list of last year. The *N. Y. Times* says, "This falling off indicates a much greater loss, for only the heads of families and persons engaged in business as permanent residents are included in the count. It is the first year, we believe, since the last war with England, that a similar result has been shown."

Let our New York brethren take courage—if they can find it in increasing numbers. Another year will doubtless tell a different story. For although New York is probably doomed ultimately to come in second to Philadelphia—owing to the latter being much more of a manufacturing city—still New York is doubtless destined to a rapid and constant growth for some centuries to come.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.—Chief Justice Eckels, of Utah, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury of that Territory, takes very decided ground as to the unlawfulness of Polygamy. He says that the Territory was acquired from Mexico, and the municipal law against Polygamy remains unaltered by the cession to the United States. Polygamists therefore come under the penalties against adultery, and "no consequence in which a large proportion of this people may be involved, in consequence of this criminal practice, will deter you from a fearless discharge of your duty."

AN OUTRAGEOUS HOAX.—It is now stated that the story that the British steamer Styx had landed a party of marines at Cardenas, Cuba, and searched the plantations for negroes, is entirely void of truth. A Havana correspondent of a daily contemporary says:—

I was startled when I first read this, for I had not heard of it before. However, as I read on, I found it stated that "the Captain of the partido" (district) where this alleged offence was declared to have taken place, had been ordered to this city to take his trial for not having defended his district. Then the muscles of my face relaxed, because I knew the Captain of the partido was a civil officer—in fact, a mere commissary of police, what we should call a justice of the peace, and could not be held responsible much less tried, for not having defended his district against these alleged marauders. However, I at once instituted inquiry into the subject, and discovered that it was an utter untruth. The Styx has done many things, but she did not do *that*. The story, I believe, emanated from a certain *gobemouche* on board the Black Warrior, who is never satisfied unless he is told something out of the common way, and of course he is often nicely hoaxed.

The story of an American seaman having been killed by a shot from a British vessel, also proves to have been untrue.

These corrections show the folly of taking fire too quickly when foreign "outrages" are reported. A man looks silly if he finds that he has been made the dupe of some designing stock-gambler or other unprincipled person.

THE LEVIATHAN.—This great steamship—if some casualty does not even yet "put a hook in her nose"—is to run between Portland and either Liverpool or Holyhead—probably the latter. The prices of passage will be $105 for the first class accommodations, $60 for the second, and $30 for the third. By the Cunard line the prices are $130 chief cabin, and $75 second cabin from New York to Liverpool; $110 and $60 from Boston. By the *Vanderbilt* steamer the prices are $100 first cabin, and $60 second cabin; by the *North Star*, *Northern Light* and *Ariel* the prices are $80 first cabin; $50 second cabin, and $35 third cabin. The saving, therefore, as to the fare will be little or nothing—especially considering that very few passengers would find Portland a convenient port either to start from or land at, except they were bound to or from the British possessions. If, however, the passage by the Leviathan can be made, as is supposed, in seven days, the shortness of the trips will be a great inducement to travellers.

The supposition of the owners of the Leviathan is, that she will carry an average of 2,000 passengers each trip, make seven or eight double voyages every year, and yield $88,000 nett profit on each voyage—in which estimate we hope they will find themselves correct, though we have very little expectation of it.

PRINTING ON BOTH SIDES.—By an invention of Mr. Beach, of the New York Sun, "Hoe's last fast" has been rendered capable of printing both sides of the sheet at once—the same speed which produces 20,000 impressions an hour, on the old plan, producing on the new 44,000. By this invention, "the second form takes the place of the balance weight, on the type drum. The sheet after being printed on one side in the usual way, is immediately drawn back and printed on the other side, from this second form."

The only things now needed to be invented are steam-power compositors, reporters and editors—then the newspaper will be complete. Why do not the publishers get together and offer a large sum for the invention of these needful adjuncts to a printing office—especially for a steam-power *editor*, warranted always to run in accordance with public sentiment, and never be a whit wiser, stupider, less prejudiced, or more prejudiced than the great majority of readers. And if such an editor did make a blunder as to the public pulse and brain occasionally, the publisher could come out in the next number, and apologize for it on the ground of an irregular working of the machine.

VISITATION AND SEARCH.—Our readers have perceived by our reports of the debates in the United States Senate, that all our leading politicians seem to agree that there is no difference between the Right of Visitation and the Right of Search. And yet Chancellor Kent—one of our highest American authorities—says:—

"The intervisitation of ships at sea is a *branch of the law of self-defence*, and is, in point of fact, practiced by the public vessels of all nations, INCLUDING THOSE OF THE UNITED STATES, when the piratical character of a vessel is suspected. The right of visit is conceded for the sole purpose of ascertaining the real national character of the vessel sailing under suspicious circumstances, and *it is wholly distinct from the right of search.* It has been called *by the Supreme Court of the United States the right of approach for that purpose, and it is considered to be well warranted by the principles of public law and the usages of nations.*"—*Kent's Com., Vol. I., 5th Ed.; p.* 153.

THE INTEMPERATE.—A meeting for the formation of a "Retreat for the Intemperate," was held last week in this city. The design is to establish a kind of Asylum, in which both moral and medical means shall be combined for the reformation of inebriates. We have heard that in Sweden there is such an institution, in which the votaries of strong drink have everything they eat and drink so cooked and flavored with the liquor they crave, that they ultimately become perfectly disgusted with it, and are cured thus by a surfeit. There are some "old topers," however, who, one would think, would only take the more enjoyment the longer they were subjected to such a treatment.

As to the Retreat contemplated, an institution of the kind is greatly needed—and we hope to number it, before long, among the numerous charities of this "city of brotherly love."

THE GOLD OF IOWA.—We are pleased to hear from an Iowa paper, that the gold excitement in Iowa "is subsiding almost as rapidly as it rose"—and that the probability is that the proportion of gold is not large enough to pay for the labor of extracting it. We are pleased because we wish well to Iowa. Certainly we would rather not hear than hear of the discovery of gold in Pennsylvania—though, perhaps if it were found upon our own property, the instinct of human selfishness might reconcile us to it a little.

THE MORMONS.—The accounts from Utah continue conflicting. The advices from the Army plainly state their disbelief in the peaceable intentions of the Mormons, and intimate that it is only the women and children who are being sent out of the way, in order that the "fighting men" may have a clear field to resist the troops. Gov. Cumming states, however, that he found the people of Salt Lake City almost entirely unprepared for efficient defence—and that the stories of fortifications, &c., are groundless. The Administration appears to place greater reliance upon the Governor's statements, than upon those from the Army and the Contractors—the latter parties being supposed to be bent upon having a fight if possible.

It is stated that arrangements had been made to burn Salt Lake City, at the time Gov. Cumming arrived there—that large quantities of dry wood had been placed in many houses—but that better councils ultimately prevailed. The migration southward also had commenced—and the leading trains were 300 miles down the valley. The Governor's attempts to stop this Mormon exodus proved unavailing.

"EVERY THING AFTER ITS KIND."—Julia C——, of Lynn, who writes us from St. Joseph, Mo., says:—

I beg leave to correct the author of "Every Thing After Its Kind" in one particular, regarding vegetables. He has certainly never resided in the country, or he would have known that one stalk of corn often bears every variety of corn planted in the field. I have also often seen perfect gourds and pumpkins growing on the same vine; and every one knows that watermelon and citron seed being planted together, the fruit will all be citrons.

Probably the difference between "Julia" and the author she criticises, consists simply in the meaning attached to the word "kind"—the author not giving it so narrow an interpretation as she does. Corn will always bear corn, for instance, and never bear either gourds or pumpkins.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.—A recent statement from Texas, said that the grasshoppers, or locusts, had taken wing for their natural home, the great deserts to the North-*West*, instead of in a North *East* direction, as previously stated. But Mr. Schenck, of Franklin, Warren county, Ohio, writes to the Ohio Farmer, that they are making their appearance in that county in vast numbers. He says:—"Last year we had millions of them; this year we have hundreds of millions." For five years, he says, they have been increasing on his farm, and he fears that, unless some means are discovered for their destruction, they will totally ruin his own and his neighbors' clover fields.

AN EXPLANATION.—We would suggest to our New York brethren of the press, who are just now puzzling their brains over a diminution of some four thousand in the list of business firms of that city, that it is probably owing to the recent breaking-up of their gift lotteries and other swindling concerns, by Mayor Tiemann. The number of those establishments in New York, as the recent developments (devil-opements) show, is "legion;" and if the Mayor continues as he has begun, the effect upon the "prosperity" of Gotham may be still more apparent in the next Directory than it is in that for the present year.

CHARLES DICKENS.—A statement is going the rounds that the wife of this admired writer has separated from him, owing to his intimacy with an actress of celebrity, into whose company his love of "private theatricals" has often thrown him. We trust that this will turn out to be but one of the many unfounded scandals which have been prevalent of late years respecting distinguished literary characters.

GREAT IS GOLD.—The English Mexican Bondholders have endorsed General Houston's project of a Mexican Protectorate—especially that provision of it which provides for the payment of their debt—the interest on which, we believe, has not been paid for four or five years.

ARRIVAL OF COL. KANE.—Col. Kane arrived in this city on the 18th, from Utah, after an absence of five months.

## New Publications.

MARY DERWENT, by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is, we believe, the tale which won a large prize many years ago, and made its author's reputation as a story writer. Its action occupies the same ground chosen by Campbell for his "Gertrude of Wyoming," and touches some of the same events and historical characters, though in a very different way. Startling dramatic effects, vivid individualizations, and fine descriptions of natural scenery, give graphic force and beauty to its pages.

STEPS TOWARD HEAVEN, OR RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE, by T. S. ARTHUR, (Derby & Jackson, New York,) is a volume of short and entertaining stories and sketches, skillfully inculcating by various examples the valuable lesson that religion is not a thing for Sundays alone, but must guide and regulate our conduct in the affairs of every day life.

The following new publications have been received:—

WHY DO YOU WEAR IT? OR, THE FASHIONABLE PROFESSOR. By JAMES E. GIFFIN, A. M. Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster.

CHRIST AND ADORNMENTS: A PRIZE ESSAY. By REV. S. N. PLATT. American Tract Society, Cincinnati. G. Collins, Phila.

FABLES OF INFIDELITY, AND FACTS OF FAITH. By ROBERT PATTERSON. American Tract Society. G. Collins, Phila.

THE POCKET CHESS-BOARD. ADAPTED FOR PLAYING GAMES IN RAIL CARS. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE BOUQUET, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES SCOTT BROWN. Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster.

AROUND THE MANGER.—SEED FOR THE SPRING TIME.—FRANK EARNEST. Stanford & Delisser, New York.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER, by THOMAS N. BROWN, (Redd & Carleton, New York,) seems to us an inadequate, though in many respects an attractive work. The interest attaching to Hugh Miller in our country is almost altogether connected with his scientific genius and services. In Scotland, it appears, he occupied an equally important place in public appreciation, as a controversialist in the great ecclesiastical question which led to the disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843. To his part in this struggle a great portion of the book is devoted, and the feature which perhaps renders it peculiarly interesting to Scotchmen, reduces its interest in the minds of people who are no longer concerned in a foreign and local controversy, now ended. The literary fault of the work is the light account it gives of Hugh Miller as the scientifician and the man. The reader must complain, too, of the highly exaggerated estimate placed upon the author of the "Old Red Sandstone" in awarding to him, on the strength of his theological opinions, the position of Scotland's representative—Burns being denied the honor. But Hugh Miller's talents and usefulness, great as they were, can never lift him to the dignity of the poet who poured the inspiration of manliness through the veins of Scottish life, and took for all time the abject cringe out of the Scottish back with the words "A man's a man for a' that." Burns regenerated Scotch character, and did the greatest conceivable national service when he taught his fellow peasants to feel the dignity of their manhood. No service of Hugh Miller's ever equalled this, as the biographer ought to know.

LORD ST. LEONARD'S HANDY BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is an admirably clear and full exposition of the English law of contracts in all its applications, presented in language free from technical legal phrases, and affording the most intelligible information on the whole subject.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) is a brilliant number, with more than a month's entertainment in the stories, sketches, essays, poetry, and "Autocrat" humor, feeling and fancy, that enrich its pages.

## HORSE-TAMING.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST.—As horse-taming seems to be the all-engrossing topic at present, allow me to write you a few lines on the subject, which may be useful to some of your many subscribers.

I observed, some weeks since, in your valuable paper, an article on this subject, purporting to give Mr. Rarey's plan, viz.: Horse castor, grated, and fed on sugar; oil cumin rubbed on the nose; and oil rhodium turned from a lady's silver thimble on the tongue of the animal; on the completion of which mystic process, the horse, no matter how vicious or unmanageable he had been before, became gentle as a lamb, and followed his tamer about like a pet dog.

No doubt those who tried this experiment—if any were so foolish—on a vicious or wicked horse, were fully satisfied of its merits by one trial.

But what I wish more particularly to advert to is a process credited to the Scientific American, published in your issue of May 29th, which the writer says "consists in simply gradually advancing towards the horse to be subdued, until you are able to place your hand on the animal's nose, and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly and gently into his nostrils," which is to have the immediate and magical effect of curing all the vicious habits to which horses are addicted.

Evidently a very simple process, in the execution of which there could be not the least difficulty with such a horse as "Lord Dorchester's," between which and himself even Mr. Rarey (consummate horseman as he undoubtedly is,) wanted a large and strong wagon.

But, of course, this would be but a very slight difficulty, as the operator could easily throw something over the animal's eyes, and blow or breathe across the wagon; the effect would be nearly the same.

Apropos to this, Mr. Editor, let me relate an incident.

Several years ago, when this breathing method was first published, the writer of this (somewhat younger then than he is now) had a curiosity to see what effect it would have, and therefore tried it.

The result may be set down as follows:—First demonstration on the part of his horseship, a shake of the head; second, a more decided shake; third, a decidedly angry shake; fourth, a savage blow with both hind feet at the head of his tormentor, which, had it reached a few inches further, would most undoubtedly have settled your correspondent.

Thus ended my experience in horse-charming; since then I have had no desire to blow into any horse's nostrils. But there is a method, Mr. Editor, within the reach of every horseman and horse-raiser, as potent as any oriental charm, as certain as Rarey's process, if not so speedy. It is told in one word—"Kindness." Treat your horse as a horse, not as a log of wood. Teach him to consider you his friend, and he will love you. Train him from a foal "in the way he should go;" show yourself his master, yet a kind master; groom him yourself, and love him, and you will have an animal that will need no *breaking*, that you need call in no "horse-charmer" to subdue; that you can teach almost anything; and that will love and serve you till his last breath.

And this I believe to be the only sure method that is within the reach of, and can be used by all men. J. W.

*Lancaster Co., Pa.*

[*Note by the Editor.*—There is much good sense in the above, and yet that Mr. Rarey has discovered some short and effective mode, which he combines with the simple and generally powerful law of kindness, cannot be denied. As to breathing (not blowing) in the horse's nostrils, we are inclined to think, notwithstanding our correspondent's unfortunate experience, that it has generally a good effect. Perhaps J. W. did his "spiriting" too roughly.]

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 213—Adults 67, and children 126.

THE BRITISH CRUISERS—SECRET OF THEIR ACTIVITY—AN AUDACIOUS HOAX.—An American naval officer had a long conference with Lieut. Pym the evening of his arrival at Key West, upon the present all-absorbing subject of the "right of search," and the overmastering and firing into American vessels in the Gulf. Lieut. Pym assured the officer that no new instructions had been given him by his government, but that he and all his consorts were acting under printed orders issued in 1849. The activity of the fleet, as manifested by their boarding and firing into some forty or fifty vessels during the past two months, probably had its origin in this wise:

"A few weeks ago," said Lieutenant Pym, "when cruising off the Moro, I boarded an American vessel that had just left port, and, in answer to inquiries for news, was told that a splendid clipper ship was fitting out for the slave trade, and would be ready to sail the following day. I accordingly watched for her, and had the satisfaction, the following day, of taking a valuable prize. She had the most complete outfit, a large stock of provisions, ample accommodations for 1,500 slaves, and besides a bag containing 2,300 doubloons, with which her cargo was to be purchased. Proof being sufficient, she was taken to Jamaica, libelled and condemned. She was a lawful prize, and sold, with all on board, for $100,000. The steamer Styx being in sight, was entitled to one-half the prize money, or my share would have been $10,000. As it was, I received $5,000 for a couple of hours' work."

He should have mentioned the fact that seventeen shots were fired at the ship before she gave up, all of which were fired by Lieut Pym, who, fearing she might be a merchantman, all blame would be attached to him alone. It is reasonable to suppose that this success has prompted the British fleet to increased zeal in scouring our seas in search of vessels engaged in the slave trade. The seizure and condemnation of this first class ship (she had been used by the French as a transport during the Russian war,) would show that respectability, size and beauty of model in vessels passing a cruiser at sea, was no proof that her mission was a commercial one.

Lieut. Pym asserts that the newspaper accounts are much exaggerated, and in many instances altogether false. The seizure of the Cortez, an account of which has gone all over our land, is an instance of the grossest exaggeration. The captain of that vessel, when overhauled by the gun-boat, threw his flag and papers into the sea, and declared himself to be a Spaniard. Contraband articles were found on board, all clearly proving the vessel to be a slaver. She was accordingly sent to Jamaica as a prize, and is, doubtless, condemned and sold. Lieut. Pym complains that many of our shipmasters have a habit of running their colors up and instantly hauling them down—not allowing the wind to unfurl them. He thinks, as an act of mere courtesy, the colors of a vessel should be boldly shown, and allowed to remain at the peak a reasonable time. He is not aware of having exceeded any instructions authorized in his printed regulations, of date 1849. He is ready and anxious to explain each and every case of boarding in which he has been concerned—he will answer for himself and his officers that the routine of boarding and examining American vessels has been conducted in an unexceptionable manner, and without any intention of insult or any exhibition of rudeness or ill-temper; and if any of our national rights have been invaded, it is government who gave him his orders—who must answer. Lieut. Pym is a lineal descendant of the celebrated admiral of that name, who flourished with "*cropped ears*" during the reign of the First Charles.

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—A letter from London has the following:—

"I must, however, not forget to give you a little bit of scandal that is going the rounds of the literary world just now about Chas. Dickens. For the last fortnight or more he has been residing at the office of Household Words, and it is said that he desires to be divorced, but Mrs. Dickens will not consent on account of her children. I hear that Dickens has for some time been paying attentions to an actress at the Haymarket (Amy Sedgwick, it is thought). So charmed was he with her that he went to Hunt & Roskel's and bought her a beautiful bracelet, for which he gave a hundred guineas, and had the lady's name engraved upon it. The trinket was unfortunately lost one night when he was taking her to some place of amusement, and was found by some honest person, who took it to Hunt & Roskel's, who at once sent it up to Mr. Dickens, and as Mr. Dickens was out, Mrs. Dickens received the naughty trifle, which confirmed her suspicions. She presented it to her lord when he came home, and simply said, 'Charles, I wish you would not be so open in these matters,' whereupon (as the lawyers say) the editor of Household Words went into a towering passion, and said he would not stay another minute in the same house with his wife. He slept that night at a hotel, and has never been home since. It appears that all the children (except Charles) side with their father. Mr. Dickens has removed his children (six or seven of them) to his country house. I do not know how all this will end, but here ends the first act."

Another letter gives the following account of the matter:

"Though the 'Household Words' still continues its weekly course, the household of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens is at sixes and sevens. There's division 'between my lord and my lady,' and '*a mensa et toro*' is to be the order of the separation. The daughters side with *Pater*, the son with *Mater*. The wife of a certain M. P. who upset Lord Pam and his ministerial crew, the infatuated correspondent of Orsini, is said to be mixed up in the affair. 'Do as I write and not as I do,' is evidently the motto of the author of those pretty little and highly moral Christmas books."

HINTS TO ENTMOLOGISTS.—A rather curious advantage has been taken of the insect-eating propensities of the toad. A gentleman had killed a toad at a very early hour one morning, and after skinning it for the purpose of stuffing the skin, he dissected its digestive system. The contents of the stomach he turned out into a basin of water, and found there a mass of insects, some of them very rare, and in good preservation. Afterwards, he was accustomed to kill toads for the express purpose of collecting the insects that were found within them, and which, being caught during the night, were of such species as are not often found.—The same experiment elicited another curious fact—namely, the great tenacity of life possessed by some insects. Before pinning out the insects that were found, and which were mostly beetles, they had been allowed to remain in the water for several days, and were apparently dead, yet, when they were pinned on cork, they revived.

☞ The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own forces and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

☞ We are born to do benefits.—*Shakspeare.*

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

A TRAGIC OCCURRENCE—WHOLESALE DUELLING—A SWEEPING MEASURE—ROSA BONHEUR.

*Paris, May 27, 1858.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

The recent most barbarous and deplorable affair of the *Figaro* duel, constitutes at the present time the main topic of conversation in this city. Doubtless you have already had some allusion to this matter in your columns, but I may be excused for referring to it a little more in detail.

A witty and rather malicious little journal called *Figaro*, in alluding to some new regulations about the wearing of spurs in the army, remarked that, thanks to the new regulations, ensigns would now be able to dance with ladies without tearing their dresses. This very innocent pleasantry was regarded as very offensive by the ensigns at Vincennes, one of whom wrote an angry letter to M. de Pène, the author of the article in question, and challenged him. De Pène, in the next number of *Figaro*, stated that he had received a challenge from an ensign, whose eloquence was evidently that of a man who had little intention of using his sword. On this a fresh challenge was sent and accepted. De Pène, accompanied by his seconds—a duke and a well-known literary gentleman—repaired to the place chosen as the scene of the *rendezvous*, in the neighborhood of Vincennes. To the surprise of the writer and his seconds, the officer was accompanied by twenty of his friends. The duel having been fought with swords, De Pène was slightly wounded in the wrist, and the seconds, declaring the "honor" of their principals vindicated, put a stop to the combat. Judge of the amazement of De Pène and his friends, when the twenty ensigns present declared that they all considered themselves insulted by the article of De Pène, and insisted on fighting him, one after another! One of the twenty, coming forward from the group, then challenged De Pène in due form, and insisted on this second duel taking place then and there. De Pène objected that he was fatigued by the duel just ended, and moreover that his wrist had received a scratch; but offered to meet the new adversary next morning in the same spot. The ensign, however insisted on fighting at once, and De Pène then consented to meet him. It is evident that, tired with his recent exertions, his hand unsteady, De Pène could not meet this second adversary on equal terms, and his seconds are much blamed for having allowed themselves to be overruled in such a matter. This second duel had hardly begun, when De Pène was run through the chest, his lungs nearly coming through the wound; his brutal antagonist running his sword half through him a second time, after he had fallen. A third ensign, it is said, actually challenged him afresh as he lay there, more dead than alive, on the ground. It was an hour before De Pène could be conveyed on a mattress to the nearest village; the agony suffered by the unfortunate young man being so frightful that even his adversaries were moved to remorse and regret, though the patience and fortitude he displayed are described as almost superhuman. Dr. Guérin, who was on the spot from the first, did all that friendship and skill could do to alleviate his sufferings, but it was thought that every moment would be his last, so great was the difficulty of breathing, and so agonizing the hiccough that resulted from the injury to the lungs. Strange to say, the unfortunate victim of what can be called by no milder term than assassination, still lives; though in so precarious a state that his attendants dare not hope for his recovery. His wife, almost broken-hearted, has not taken an hour's rest since the horrible tragedy occurred, and is at his bedside night and day. His father came from a distant part of the country four days ago, to see him, but has not been allowed to go into his room, as the least shock must be instantly fatal. Such is the indignation felt by all Paris at the behaviour of the officers, that lists of young men, determined to fight all the officers of Vincennes in succession, have been opened in different parts of the town, to give to all desirous of thus protesting against the savage behaviour of the officers of that garrison, the opportunity of putting down their names. "I thought that about twenty would have signed before me," remarked a friend of one of my friends, who had just been to sign his name on one of these lists, "but I found that three hundred had already sent their *carte* to an officer of Vincennes!" It is positively asserted that nearly as many more have inscribed their names on the lists of those who have determined to avenge the infamous treatment to which De Pène has fallen a victim, and that a great number of *rencontres* have actually taken place, the authorities finding it impossible to prevent them. The lists of "avengers" are, of course, carefully kept out of sight of the police. How far this account is strictly correct, I cannot say, but it is the version now to be heard in half the *salons* of Paris.

The decision of the Government, requiring the administrators of the various charitable asylums and hospitals to sell the landed estates in possession of those institutions, and to invest the proceeds of these sales in the public funds, is of course very differently appreciated here by different parties. The estates vested—many of them from very ancient times—in these charitable institutions, represent a sum of considerably more than five hundred millions of francs: it is asserted by the Government that they are frequently mismanaged, and that they ought to bring in a much larger sum than that now realized from them. The annual revenue derived by the various charitable foundations from the lands bequeathed to them in former times, amounts to fifteen millions of francs: the Government asserts, that if these lands are sold at their present value, and the proceeds invested in the fund, their annual income will be raised to eighty-three millions. Such a result would undoubtedly be worth a little trouble to attain: but the opponents of the measure reply that the possession of the soil is the sole stable guarantee for the perpetuation of a charitable object, and that, as the funds have a constant tendency to fall in value, while land on the contrary is constantly rising in value, it is unwise and unjust to make this change. The funds, which were formerly at five per cent., were reduced by the Government a few years ago to four per cent., and have subsequently been brought down to three per cent: and as this form of interest may undoubtedly be brought down to a still lower rate, they urge that the prospect of an income of eighty-three millions yearly, now held out by the Government as a reason for the impending change, is to a certain extent illusory.

That the lands bequeathed to the support of charities are mismanaged, notwithstanding the sharp watch exercised over them by the State since 1821, is undeniable; as is also the fact that the "religious communities," to whom is entrusted the internal management of the greater number of them, draw a large portion of the profits into their own "religious" coffers, and that it is the clerical party which is crying out most loudly against the change. But "the opposite of wrong is not always right;" and it is quite possible that the hospital-estates of the country may need to be placed under better and more profitable management, and yet that their forced sale may not be the wisest course of proceeding. In a country so unstable as France is is evident that, as far as the interests of the poor and suffering are concerned, it would be far better to leave to these institutions the lands now vested in their support, and to endeavor to secure for them a better administration. But the profits and "pickings" to be realized on so large an amount of real estate are probably too tempting to allow of any respect being shown for the wishes of founders, or the interest of future generations of the sick and the needy.

To resume the biographic notice left unfinished in my last, let me remind your readers that we then left Rosa Bonheur, in her seventeenth year, vowed to Art as the aim and occupation of her life, but cultivating Landscape, Historical, and Genre painting with equal assiduity, being as yet without any decided preference for either.

It was about this period, however, that her own special path became clear to her: for, happening to make a study of a goat, she was so much enchanted with this new attempt that she thenceforth devoted herself to the cultivation of the peculiar province in which she has since attained such brilliant results. Too poor to procure models, she went out daily into the country, on foot, in search of picturesque views and animals for sketching. With a bit of bread in her pocket, and laden with canvas and colors, or a mass of clay—for she was attracted equally towards Painting and Sculpture, and has shown that she would have succeeded equally in either—she used to set out early in the morning, and having found a site or a subject to her mind, seat herself on a bank, or under a tree, and work on till dusk; coming home at nightfall, after a tramp of ten or a dozen miles, browned by sun and wind, soaked with rain, or covered with mud; exhausted with fatigue, but rejoicing in the lessons the day had furnished.

Her inability to procure models at home also suggested to her another expedient, whose adoption shows how earnest was her determination to overcome the obstacles which Poverty had placed in the way of her studies.

The slaughtering and preparing of animals for the Paris market is confined, as many of my readers are no doubt aware, to a few *abattoirs*, great establishments on the outskirts of the city, placed under the supervision of the municipal authorities: each of these establishments contains extensive enclosures, in which are penned thousands of lowing and bleating victims awaiting their turn to be led to the shambles. To one of these—the *abattoir du Roule*—had Rosa the courage to go, daily, for many months, surmounting alike the repugnance which such a locality naturally inspired, and her equally natural hesitation to place herself in contact with the crowd of butchers and drovers who filled it. Seated on a bundle of hay, with her colors beside her, the heroic girl painted on, from morning till dusk, not unfrequently forgetting the bit of bread in her pocket, so absorbed would she become in the study of the varied types that rendered the courts and stables of the *abattoir* so invaluable a field of observation for her. Not content with drawing the occupants of the *abattoir* in their pens, away from the sickening horror of the shambles, but feeling the necessity of studying their attitudes under the terror and agony of the death-stroke, she compelled herself to make repeated visits to the slaughter-house itself, and to look upon scenes whose repulsiveness was rendered doubly painful to her by her affectionate sympathy with the brute creation. In the evening, on her return home, her hands, face and clothes were usually spotted all over by the flies, so numerous wherever animals are congregated. Such was the respect with which she inspired the rude companions by whom she was surrounded—and who would often beg to see her sketches, which they regarded with the most naive admiration—that nothing ever occurred to annoy her, in the slightest degree, during her long sojourns in the crowded precincts of the *abattoir*.

After she had ceased her visits to this establishment, she frequented, in a similar manner, the stables of the veterinary school of Alfort: and the animals and museums of the Garden of Plants. She also resumed her sketching-rambles in the country, and resorted diligently to all the horse and cattle fairs held in the neighborhood of Paris. On the latter occasions she invariably wore male attire: a precaution she found it necessary to adopt, both as a convenience, and still more as a protection against the annoyances that would have rendered it impossible for her to mingle in such gatherings in feminine costume. In her masculine habits, Rosa had so completely the look of a good-hearted, ingenuous boy, that the graziers and horse-dealers whose animals she drew, would frequently insist on "standing treat," in a *chopine* of wine, or a *petit verre* of something stronger, to the "clever little fellow" whose skilful portrayal of their beasts had so much delighted them; and it sometimes required all her address and ingenuity to escape from their well-meant persecutions. Her good looks, too, in the assumed character of a youth of the sterner sex, would sometimes make sad havoc in the susceptible hearts of village dairy-maids: under which head certain laughable incidents might be narrated. In her subsequent explorations of the romantic regions at either foot of the Pyrenees, the passion with which she has thus unwittingly inspired the black-eyed Phœbes of the south, has more than once proved a source of serious though comical embarrassment to the artist, desirous above all things to maintain, impenetrably, the secret of her disguise.

The young artist's studies were not confined to the exterior forms of her models. She procured the best anatomical treatises and plates, with casts and models of the different parts of the human frame, and studied them with her usual thoroughness; she then procured legs, shoulders, and heads of animals from the butchers, carefully dissecting them, and thus obtaining an intimate knowledge of the forms and dependencies of the muscles whose play she had to delineate.

Now that Rosa has arrived at the fame which her swelling child-heart prophesied to itself before she had ascertained the path that should lead to the fulfillment of her aspirations, the richest and noblest of her countrymen are proud to place at her disposal the finest products of their farms and studs: while mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, and rare poultry, are offered to her from one end of Europe to the other, so that it is impossible for her to quarter a tithe of the "models" with which the admirers of her genius are ambitious of supplying her. But it is certain that the poverty and obscurity, which, during her first years of effort, prevented her from supplying herself with the models she desired, and compelled her to lay all the environs under contribution, and to frequent *abattoirs* and cattle-markets in search of subjects for her pencil, were really of unspeakable service to her, as forcing her to make acquaintance with a multitude of types, and that, too, under a variety of action and condition, such as she could never have beheld in any other way, and giving her at once a breadth of conception, variety of detail, and truthfulness to nature, that a more limited range of experience could not have supplied.

Throughout all her varied studies, Raymond Bonheur was his daughter's constant and only teacher. M. Léon Coignet, to whom she had been presented, and of whom she has been said, erroneously, to have been a pupil, took great interest in her progress, and warmly encouraged her to persevere in her efforts; but she never took a lesson of any other teachers than her father and Nature.

Raymond Bonheur, with his family, now occupied a small sixth-story apartment in the Rue Rumfort. His two sons, Auguste and Isidore, had also devoted themselves to the artist-career—the first as a painter, the second as a sculptor—under his paternal auspices; and the whole family, warmly attached to each other, and merry and hopeful in spite of their poverty, labored diligently together in the same little studio. From daylight till dusk Rosa was always at her easel, singing like a linnet, the busiest and merriest of them all. In the evening, the frugal dinner despatched, and the lamp lighted, she would spend several hours in drawing, embroidery, &c., thus earning an additional contribution to the family-purse.

Rosa delighted in birds, of which she had many in the studio: but it grieved her to see them confined. To her great joy, one of her brothers contrived a net, which he fastened to the outer side of the window, so that they could be safely let out of their cages. She had also a beautiful sheep, with long silky wool, the most docile and intelligent of quadrupeds, which she kept on the leads outside the windows of their apartment; the leads aforesaid forming a terrace, and being converted by her into a garden, gay with honeysuckles, cobeas, convolvulus, nasturtiums, and sweet peas. As the sheep could not well descend six flights of stairs, yet needed occasional exercise and change of diet, Isidore used to place it gravely on his shoulders, and carry it down to a neighboring croft, where it browsed on the fresh grass to its heart's content; after which he would again take it on his shoulders, and carry it back to its aerial dwelling. Thus carefully tended, the animal passed two years contentedly on the terrace, affording to Rosa and her brothers an admirable model, always ready, and always instructive.

It was in the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1841 that Rosa Bonheur made her first appearance before the critical Areopagus of Paris, attracting the favorable notice both of *connoisseurs* and public by her two charming little groups of a goat, sheep, and rabbits. The following year she exhibited three paintings, viz:—"Animals in a Pasture," "A Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "A Horse For Sale," which attracted still more notice, the first of these being especially remarkable for its exquisite rendering of the atmospheric effects of evening, and its blending of poetic sentiment with bold fidelity to fact.

From this period she appeared in all the Paris Exhibitions, and in many of those of the principal provincial towns; her reputation rising every year, and several bronze and silver medals being awarded to her productions. In 1844, she exhibited, with her paintings, "A Bull" in clay; one of the many proofs she has given of powers that would have raised her to a high rank as a sculptor, had she not, at length, been definitively drawn by the combined attractions of Form and Color, into the ranks of the Painters. In 1845 she exhibited no less than twelve paintings, a splendid collection, flanked by the works of her father and of her brother Auguste, then admitted for the first time. In 1846 her productions were accompanied by those of her father and of both her brothers, the younger of whom then first appeared as a sculptor; the family-group being completed, in a subsequent Exhibition, by the admission of her younger sister, Juliette, who had returned to Paris, and had also became an artist. In 1849, her magnificent "*Cantal Oxen*" took the gold medal: Horace Vernet, President of the Committee of Awards, proclaiming the new laureate in presence of a brilliant crowd of *amateurs*, and presenting her, in the name of the Government, with a superb Sèvres vase: the value of a triumph which placed her ostensibly in the highest rank of her profession being immeasurably enhanced in her eyes, by the unbounded delight it afforded to her father.

Raymond Bonheur, released from pecuniary difficulties, and rejuvenated by the joy of his daughter's success, had accepted the Directorship of the Government School of Design for Girls, and resumed his palette with all the ardor of his younger days. But his health had been undermined by the fatigues and anxieties he had borne so long, and he died, in 1849, of heart-disease, deeply regretted by his family.

Rosa, who had aided her father in the School of Design, was now made its Directress, a post which she still holds: her sister—now Mme. Peyrol—being the resident Professor, and Rosa superintending the classes in a weekly lesson.

Her already brilliant reputation was still further enhanced by the appearance, in 1849, of her noble "*Ploughing-scene in the Nivernais*," ordered by the Government, and now in the Luxembourg Gallery; of the "*Horse-market*," in 1853—the preparatory studies for which occupied her during eighteen months; and the "*Hay making*," in 1855. The enthusiasm created by the last two works being still fresh and vivid in the public mind.

More fortunate than many other great artists, whose merits have often been more slowly acknowledged, Rosa Bonheur has been, from her first appearance, a favorite with the public.—Her vigorous originality, her perfect mastery of the technicalities and mechanical details of her art, and the charm of a style at once so fresh, so simple, yet so profoundly and poetically true, have secured for her productions, from the commencement of her career, a sympathetic appreciation and a rapid sale. She has exhibited, in all, thirty five paintings, and has produced many more which have not been exhibited, being purchased by private amateurs. She has already made a fortune by her pencil, but a fortune which she has bestowed entirely on others; and such is her habitual generosity, and so scrupulous is her delicacy in all matters connected with her art, that it may be doubted whether she will ever amass any great amount of wealth for herself. Her portfolios already contain nearly a thousand sketches, many of them surpassingly beautiful, and all eagerly coveted by amateurs. But she regards these sketches as a part of her artistic life, and as such refuses to part with them on any terms, although she is fully aware of the sums they might be made to yield; a little drawing of hers, that had accidentally found its way into the hands of a salesman, having fetched £80 a short time since in London. Demands for paintings reach her from every part of the world; but she invariably refuses all orders not fully congenial to her talent. Many instances might be cited of her scrupulous probity and dignity in this respect.

The award of the Jury, in 1853, in virtue of which the authoress of "*The Horse-market*," was enrolled among the recognised Masters of the Brush, and, as such, exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the Examining Committee previous to their admission to future Exhibitions, entitled her—according to French usage in such cases—to the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This decision, which would necessarily have been bestowed on her had she been a man, and which is frequently accorded to nuns and sutlers, was refused to the Artist by the Emperor, because she was a woman.

This refusal, repeated after her brilliant success of 1855, has naturally excited the indignation of her admirers, who cannot understand why an honor which would be accorded to a certain talent in a man, should be refused to this same talent when bestowed by Nature upon a woman. But though Rosa was included in the invitation to the State Dinner at the Tuileries, always given to the artists to whom the Academy of Fine-Arts has awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration has been maintained, notwithstanding the numerous efforts that have been made to obtain a reversal of the Imperial decision.

Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at 6 o'clock, and paints until dusk; when she lays aside her *blouse*, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets, alone or accompanied only by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of everything around her, the first conception of a picture is frequently struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.

Living solely by her art, she has gladly resigned the cares of her outward existence to an old and devoted friend. Madame Micas, a widow lady, who, with her daughter—an artist whose exquisite groups of birds are well known in England, and who has been for many years Rosa's most intimate companion—reside with her, relieving her of every material responsibility, and leaving her free to devote herself exclusively to her favorite pursuit. Every summer the two lady-artists, accompanied by one of Rosa's brothers, repair to some mountain district to sketch. Arrived at the regions inhabited only by the chamois, the ladies exchange their feminine habiliments for masculine attire; and spend a couple of months in exploring the wildest recesses of the hills, courting the acquaintance of their shy and swift-footed tenants, and harvesting "effects" of storm, rain and vapor as assiduously as those of sunshine. Though Rosa is fully alive to the beauties of wood and meadow, as we know from the loveliness she has transferred from them to her canvas, mountain-scenery is her especial delight. Hitherto her explorations have been confined to the French chains, the Pyrenees, and the Scotch Highlands. The Alps she has not yet visited, though constantly intending to do so. Her preference being for the stern, the abrupt, and the majestic, in preference to the soft, the smiling, and the fair, Italy, with all its glories, has hitherto attracted her less powerfully than the ruder magnificence of the Pyrenees and the North.

Among mountains the great artist is completely in her element; out of doors from morning till night, lodging in the humblest and remotest of wayside *hostels*, or in the huts of wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and chamois-hunters, and living contentedly on whatever fare can be obtained. Two years ago, being furnished, by families of distinction in the Béarnais and the Basque provinces, with introductions to the rare inhabitants of the region, the party pushed their adventurous wanderings to the little station of Pegrondre, the last inhabited point within the French frontier, and thence, up the romantic defiles of the Vallée d'Urdos, across the summit of the Pyrennees. Thanks to the letters they carried, the travellers were hospitably received at each halting-place, and furnished with a trusty guide for the next march. In this way they crossed the mountains, and gained the lonely *posada* of Canfan, the first on the Spanish side of the ridge; where, for six weeks, they saw no living souls but the *bourriquaires* (muleteers) with their strings of mules, who would halt for the night at the little inn, setting out with the earliest ray of morning for their descent on the opposite side of the hill.

The people of the *posada* lived entirely on curdled sheeps' milk; the sole article of food the party could obtain on their arrival. Then threatened starvation was averted by the exertions of Mademoiselle Micas, who managed to procure a quantity of frogs, the hind legs of which she enveloped in leaves, and toasted on sticks over a fire on the hearth. On these frogs they lived for two days, when the hostess was induced to attempt the making of butter from the milk of her sheep, and even to allow of the occasional conversion of one of these animals into mutton for their benefit. Their larder thus supplied, and black bread being brought for them by the *bourriquaires* from some village a very long way off, the party gave themselves up to the pleasure of their wild life, and the business of sketching. The arrival of the muleteers, with their embroidered shirts, their pointed hats, velvet jackets, and leathern breeches and sandals, was always a welcome event. Rosa paid for wine for them, and they would perform their national dances for her; after which they would throw themselves down for the night upon sheepskins, before the fire; furnishing subjects for many a picturesque sketch. As the *posada* was a police-station, established there as a terror to smugglers, the little party felt perfectly safe, notwithstanding its loneliness.

With her Scotch tour Rosa was so much pleased that she will probably revisit a district from which she has brought away only agreeable associations, and a wonderful little Skye terrier, named "Wasp," of the purest breed, and remarkably intelligent—which she holds in great affection, and for whose benefit she has learned several English phrases, to which "Wasp" responds with appreciative waggings of the tail.

In the prime of her talent, constantly in communication with the works of nature which occupy her pencil, and determined not to marry, but to devote her life exclusively to her favorite art, it may be fairly presumed that Rosa Bonheur will produce a long line of noble works that will worthily maintain—if they may not enhance—the reputation she has already acquired; while the virtues and excellencies of her private character will assuredly win for their possessor an ever-widening circle of admiration and esteem.

QUANTUM.

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Man are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving, too, and full as vain.
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view. —*Dryden.*

☞ Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. —*Holmes.*

☞ Aaron Burr's definition of law in general was, "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained;" his practice, "never to negotiate in a hurry." "There is a maxim," said he, "'never put off till to-morrow what you can do to day.' A better reading is, 'never do to day what you can do to-morrow,' for something may occur to make you regret your premature action."

☞ It is in the country, and, as it seems to me, there only, that the minds of children may be kept in a state of healthy activity, without a too frequent recurrence to books; and it is there best, if not exclusively, that a wide and copious acquaintance with the kingdoms of nature may be made by the means of ocular and conversational instruction, such as shall convey a fund of various information, apart from task-work and lesson-learning. A full half, or more, of all that ought to be learned in early life may be learned out of doors by country bred children; and how incalculable is the advantage of such a method in respect both of the mind and of the body.—*Isaac Taylor.*

☞ A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

☞ When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid! why, I was in all the battles of the Peninsula!" but having it explained to him, that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "No, no! I did na fear that; I was only afraid we should be all kilt before we had time to win it!"

☞ It has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

☞ How little is known of what is in the bosoms of those around us! We might explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we think we can never forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

☞ Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass-word at the battle of Fontenoy, at the same time the great Saxe was marshal. "The pass-word is Saxe; now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel. "Saxe: faith and I won't. Wasn't me father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cries the sentinel, after he had arrived at the pass. Pat looked as confidential as possible, and whispered in a sort of howl, "Bags, yer honor."

☞ Louis XIII., coming from the Council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the King, the latter stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are you not the master here?" said the King, pushing him angrily. "Go before me." "I can only do so," replied the adroit courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

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A LADY'S MAN.

How much at home was Charles in all
The talk aforesaid, nicknamed "small;"
Seldom embarrassed, never slow,
His maxim always "touch and go:"
From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.

☞ The Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower, after having inspected that fortress, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow thus: "How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have been in every jail in the kingdom." "I believe friend," replied the duke, with surprise, "this is the only jail I have ever visited." "Very like," replied the fellow, "but I have been in all the rest." So saying he touched his hat to the duke, and walked off with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable. Marlborough stared, as well he might.

☞ A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of, love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

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FRENCH PHILANTROPY.—The steamer Stella, of three hundred and eighty-three tons, and 80-horse-power, with a crew of thirty-two men, under the French flag, left Loango, west coast of Africa, on the 29th of November, 1857, for Cabinda, with one hundred and twenty-three Africans on board. At that place six hundred and nine African "immigrants" were shipped under the protection of four French men-of-war, La Tourmente, Le Canonier, La Zelie, and Le Jeanne D'Arc, and the Stella left Cabinda, towing Le Canonier to "protect the embarkation of the complement of her cargo." At Longuebonne, more "immigrants" were shipped, on the 4th December, the Stella sailed for Gaudaloupe, a French West India Island, with nine hundred and fifty Africans, male and female, ranging between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. On the 3rd of January, she arrived at Basseterre, a low, swampy port in Gaudaloupe where six hundred and forty-seven wretched, sickly "immigrants" were landed, three hundred and three having died on the passage from asphyxia, dysentery and fever.—Some of these wretched beings were carried across the island to Pointe-a-Petre, and others were shipped for the same destination in small coasters, one of which on her passage struck a rock and went to the bottom, carrying with her eighty-two Africans. Out of the nine hundred and fifty that left the coast of Africa in the Stella, only two hundred and twenty-one reached their ultimate destination on the French plantations! The correctness of the foregoing statement is vouched for by numerous letters received by the Kingston (Jamaica) Morning Star, from "several highly respectable and perfectly trustworthy inhabitants" of the colony of Gaudaloupe. This experiment of importing "African immigrants," has been attended with a loss of over 75 per cent. of the whole "cargo," and will certainly rival, if it does not eclipse in infamy, the worst "horrors of the regular slave trade."

THE DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR.—The Carolina Spectator supplies a new incident in the life of Aaron Burr, regarding the death of his daughter. It professes to derive its information from an old and distinguished citizen of Charleston, now dead—a very doubtful story, and in a very unreliable shape:

"Burr, in his many intrigues, compassed the ruin of the wife of a captain of a coaster between New York and Charleston. To remove the captain, Burr corrupted the sailors to mutiny and destroy him. On the outward voyage no opportunity offered, and the execution of the plan was deferred till the return trip.—Unfortunately on this very vessel, Mrs. Alston took passage. Her fate was an awful retribution on her abandoned father. He never looked up after, and doubtless from the conviction that the sins of the father were visited upon the child. Our informant went to New York to look up the wife of the captain. Hearing that Burr knew her, he sought an interview.—The mention of the name was the signal for silence; nor would Burr keep a further appointment, or impart any information on the topic."

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TWENTY-SIX YEARS IN PRISON.—We yesterday received a call from Barnum, the prisoner pardoned out by the Legislature, after a confinement of twenty-six years in the prison at Wethersfield. He expresses a good deal of gratitude to the many friends who interested themselves to get him released. The outer world appears to him very different from what it does to those accustomed to mingle in its every day changes. The wonderful changes and inventions of the last twenty-five years are all new to him, and are looked upon by him with about the same degree of wonder as if he had just risen from the dead, after a sleep of a quarter of a century. He never until yesterday, saw a printing press, a railroad, or a train of cars. He was taken to the depot at noon to see the express train come in, and was of course much astonished at the sight.—*Hartford Courant.*

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THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE WESTERN CITIES.—Buffalo, Chicago, and other Western cities, it appears, are overrun with laborers and mechanics, who are unable to find employment, the result of the collapse of the credit system and bank expansion. In the former place, last week, several hundred of this class paraded the streets, demanding "work or bread." In Chicago, the demand for labor by poor people has been so great that the street commissioners have been enabled to supply each man with but two days in a week at seventy five cents per day. It is now thought best to cut wages down to fifty cents, and put one-third more men into city service. At fifty cents per day, says the Democrat, the city will be overwhelmed with applicat ons for labor.

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NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—Mr John Walter, M. P. for the borough of Nottingham, is principal proprietor of the London Times newspaper, holding nineteen shares out of the twenty-four into which that valuable publication is divided. The publisher, who is responsible for all libels, &c., has one share. Mr. John Delane, the editor, has one share, and Mrs. Carden, mother of Sir Robert Carden, the present Lord Mayor of London, has three shares. It is estimated that each proprietary share is worth over $10,000 a-year, making the agreeable sum of $240,000 to $260,000 per annum out of all the shares. Mr. Walter's individual receipts from this source may be averaged at some $200,000 a year.

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FROM UTAH.—Additional details, received by the Salt Lake mail, say that seventy Mormon families had arrived at Camp Scott and applied for protection, which was freely given.

The mail party met Captain Harris with a train of two hundred and fifty head of beef cattle, at Harris's Fort, only fifteen miles this side of Camp Scott.

For two weeks the troops had been subsisting on eight ounces of flour and half a pound of beef per day.

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THE CROPS.—The crops of the South, from Virginia, down to Louisiana, are spoken of in our exchanges as being remarkably good. Corn and cotton are reported as excellent. In the North and West, the floods have damaged the crops considerably, but the principal harm being along the water-courses, is consequently very circumscribed in its range.

## RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

While I was in Sydney an occurrence took place which was very characteristic of the origin of that city. There was a noted gang, who spent their whole time in gambling. They were chiefly men still under sentence, but entirely at their own disposal by means of an artifice then often practiced; and founded in the ever vicious custom of the assignment of criminals to private masters. It was a scheme often resorted to, for some scoundrel on arriving as a prisoner in the colony to apply to any former associate of his who had preceded him some years, and become free; and induce him by such reasons as such men use, to make application to the Superintendent of Convicts for the new comer as his convict servant. As plenty of the public houses were kept by prisoners who had become free, the newly arrived felon then proceeded comfortably home with his "pal," so deftly substituting the taproom for the jail. This managed, an arrangement was made between the worthy pair, by which the assigned was to be "on his own hands" and "do the best he could for himself;" paying his assignee for the privilege some two or three dollars, per week, rent for himself. The gang of gamblers I have spoken of was composed chiefly of such men:—criminals who, having won some handsome "stake," as they phrased it, by felonious means in the old country had succeeded in retaining it secure through the ordeal of arrest and conviction, and in getting it safely with them to their place of transportation. In some instances their wives would come in another ship and bring it; in others they even succeeded in secreting it on themselves; and in others again, it was remitted through mercantile houses who were not informed, of course, of the true nature of the transaction. One morning while I was staying in Sydney, an alarm was given that the Bank had been robbed of specie to a very large amount; though unaccountably not a lock or bolt was disturbed. For awhile it remained an impenetrable mystery how the robbery had been accomplished. At length it was discovered that the gang had first, through one of the agents, hired the house on the opposite side of the street; and thence by weeks of labor made their way by mining to the cellars of the building in which the bank business was conducted. Although the street they had to mine was the main business street, and a person slept in the building as a night watchman; they had carried on their operations with such shrewd judgment, watched their opportunity so well, and concealed the place of their ingress and exit so successfully, that for a long time the whole affair was a hopeless problem to every body. The secret, if my recollection is correct, at last transpired by the treachery of one of the delinquents; who, getting into trouble for another serious offence, offered to purchase his pardon at the expense of his accomplices in the bank affair.

Matters which would not interest the reader determined me at length to make a journey to Hunter's River. I could have gone by water, but learning that the inland road ran through a very picturesque country, I chose that way. At this period it was but two days journey in the direction I had to take, before there commenced a tract of mountain country almost uncettled, which continued for about a hundred miles. Then the Hunter's River settlements appeared. I was told that once in thirty or forty miles, I might come upon a solitary stock station, but not oftener. I might even miss them, as no teams had ever passed that way; and the wild cattle had made paths off the bridle road in all directions. I waited, therefore, at one of the last group of farms for some one acquainted with the path, who might be travelling the same way.

After some days such a person appeared. Late in the evening, long after supper, and after we had betaken ourselves to the never-failing evening amusement of yarning about herds of cattle and bushrangers, and the adventures of "the first-fleeters," in came a tall, gaunt figure, dressed in the common workingman's garb, and slinging down his pack, notified us that he wanted his supper as quickly as possible, saying he had walked that day all the way from Sydney. We presently learned that the new comer was on his way to the Hunter by the road I wished to travel.

Early next morning we started in company. In addition to the provisions he had with him, I loaded myself with tea, sugar, damper and corned beef to the amount of about thirty pounds' weight. The morning was one of the saltriest of the saltriest season of the year—(a little after Christmas.) Our way at first for miles lay up steep ravines, ascending stony mountains; and afterward along wide, level hollows, covered with that worst sort of vegetation for the summer traveller, stunted shrubs, just low and open enough to let in the full force of the sun, yet just close enough to prevent the free sweep of any little breeze that may be moving. By eleven o'clock the steep ascent, and the heat, and our loads, and want of water had fairly exhausted us. When at length we broke down from a ridge into a little swampy flat, shaded by acacia trees in full blossom, its atmosphere comparatively fresh and cool from a large spring of crystal water, the temptation to stop a couple of hours and recruit our strength, was too great to be resisted.

Our packs were soon off, a fire lit, the quart pots down beside it for tea, and the provisions set out. Our meal over, we still lingered in the shade, smoking. I will not pretend to describe how I went to sleep, that is a circumstance people usually know very little about, and especially on occasions when it is among the last things they have any intention of doing. Suffice it, that to sleep I went. By and by—it seemed to me about four or five minutes—I awoke. I stretched myself and began to look around. I did not see my fellow-traveller, but still felt no surprise. I thought he was somewhere close at hand, looking about as people sometimes will in a strange place in the woods. In a few minutes I began to feel that there was something very peculiar and puzzling about the state of things, something I was not quite posted up about. So I got up and began to look for him. The first thing I observed was that beside his not being there himself, neither his pack nor my own was there. The fire also was no longer blazing. I went closer and looked. It was not even smoking. I turned it over; not an ember was alight; not the slightest warmth remained in the ashes. On looking toward the sun, I saw that it was clouded over with the heavy afternoon haze of a coming evening storm, and now understood that I must have slept for some hours. Still I could not believe that my companion had played me false. But when I had scoured the woods in all directions, and on one side discovered a sudden break of the ground into a tract of the most intricate gullies, I came to the conclusion that he was one of the outlaws of the bush who had taken this plan of helping himself to a little extra stock of provisions, &c., &c. On stopping, I had taken off my boots, and had been walking with my coat and vest off. He consequently had all my wearing apparel, except the single shirt, pants and socks I wore, and the silk handkerchief I had tied round my head as lighter than the hat. Fortunately I was reclining on the pocket in which was my purse; and the robber perhaps did not know I had any money with me. Had he knew it, I might perhaps have fared worse.

I of course concluded that my best course would be to hasten back before night and the storm came on. I had never before gone many yards from the hute I lived in with bare feet; now, I had some fourteen or sixteen miles before me, along new roads covered with small fragments of iron stone, generally about the size of peas. Under the circumstances I did not feel very poignant regret that I had no bundle to carry. My pace might be about two miles an hour. I thought it was about four o'clock, and calculated I should get to the end of my journey about midnight. The last mile or thereabouts would be down some rather dangerous rocks; but I made sure that by going slowly and feeling my way with a stick, I would get safely through. The further I went, however, the more it seemed to me that I was travelling on a road I had not passed along in the morning. The sun set. Twilight itself began to fail. The long low roll of heavy peals of thunder began to issue from the defiles of the mountains. And at last I found myself among low, broken hills, alternating with little sandy plains, without a blade of grass or leaf of any sort of vegetation on them; beds of lagoons probably, that had been filled up by the sand from the higher ground. I now was sure that confused by the progress of the sun, I had taken the wrong road out of the swamp where we had stopped, and had come forward instead of going back. Finding there was still a travelled track, and considering that I ought to be much more than half way to the first cattle station, I chose to keep on.

As midnight drew on the storm began to send its harbingers before it. Wild howling gusts came sweeping along, and having passed, left all deathlike still again, save the long echoed rumbling of the thunder in the mountains behind. At length I could hear the roar of the main hurricane and the deluge of falling water advancing. Knowing what a drenching I had to expect unless I took measures to avoid it, I hastened to take shelter in the hollow of a huge old tree where the bush-fires of centuries had made a roomy but not very clean apartment; and without waiting to consider any danger there might be from its being struck by the lightning, I comforted myself with the reflection that favorite a haunt as it had been for the fires, the natural instinct of snakes would have led them to shun it; and thus I should be secure from those constant pests of the traveller in the Australian woods. There was plenty of room; and I lay down and waited the passage of the storm. For a time it raged fiercely. Then the weather cleared; and a night as still and serene as it had just been stormy followed. I was rather cold but quite dry. Weariness soon overcame the little discomfort I felt from the cold; and I slept till the sun was an hour or more risen.

Once more I pursued my journey. At first I had some tracks, but in a short time lost the road altogether. How far I wandered astray I cannot tell; but the chief part of that day I was certainly out on a tract of country from which it is wonderful that I ever returned. The traveller in Australia must not lose his way in the woods as he may in most parts of America. So much of the surface is broken, and the gullies are so abrupt and precipitous, that men being lost and starved in the bush is by no means of rare occurrence. There is no such thing as pursuing a straight course except on the plains and in a few forests. To attempt it in mac: places would be nothing less than to become entrapped within an hour in a labyrinth of gullies and swamps, such as there would be but little hope of escape from. And to make the matter still worse, the numerous wild cattle have cut broad paths just like well-worn human paths for miles together, and these always lead away from the settlements into the heart of the wilderness. A traveller might follow one of these for a couple of days, and not discover that it was a mere cattle-track till it faded out among extensive pastures or ended at a spring or licking-place.

On this occasion I got a cattle-path that led me away to a great licking-place and springs, where it ceased; and where there was no mark of any foot of man, or horse, or dog. Then in trying to make my way back, I must have taken a different branch off the main track from that I went on by. The face of the country seemed one endless, changeless rotation of low ridges, with hollows of a few acres extent between them; the latter covered with brushwood about two feet high, and so close and stiff, that a person in boots would have experienced great fatigue in getting through it. My feet were torn badly, but I dared not stop much; for I was well aware that if I did, they would become so tender and sore that I should not be able to get on again. Occasionally I sat down for a few minutes; and found it a hard task to begin walking afresh. The sun shone bright all day; and the wind blew fresh and lively; but not a wild animal do I recollect seeing; and the cattle were probably away in the mountains since before the storm.

The monotony of that long day I shall never forget; and the sadness, not unmingled with fear of the after life, with which, many times as I rested awhile on a fallen log, I thought that my joyless career was coming to its close. "Here, then, it seems," I said, "I shall sink and die. For unless I get to a smooth road before night sets in, I am the same as a dead man. By to-morrow morning my feet will be so sore, that I shall not be able to walk again, till too weak through hunger to do more than stagger a few paces at a time. The sun will shine and the breezes blow day after day on my unconscious corse till only the bleached bones remain, and years hence some stranger, when the country is settled, meeting with them will wonder whose they were; or perhaps pass them by unheeded, thinking them the remains of one of the aboriginal savages. I wonder what they are now doing at home. How I should like to see my father once more before I depart into the unknown land! and my fair young sister! and E———, my boyhood's myth of love! and my brother!" How vividly did I see in mental imagery all the scenery of early days; the river known through so many centuries to classic story, and named so often in the poet's song: the famous old town with its sunny streets, that heard the thundering march of Cæsar's cohorts; the church with its tall, gray tower, whence the chimes rolled grandly out at every four hours' end, and whence the pensive sounds of the curfew came sure as the close of day. "Ah! well;" I thought, "'tis best to bear with manliness what we cannot shun. But at all events, one more effort to find the road."

Young traveller on the world's jeopardous way, ever after heart of Grace, keep heart of Hope! Hopeless as all looked that day, I did yet live to hear the curfew and the chimes in that far-off town; and to see the four well-beloved faces again; and to lead the myth of boyhood's love a plighted wife from the altar. Yet was the boon so granted of Heaven as to be no more than its whispered promise of the world beyond the grave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR TO-MORROW.

Poor heart, why clog thyself
With weights thou need'st not bear?
Enough for every passing day
Is its own load of care.

Why be in haste to pay
A debt before 'tis due?
So soon life's sorrows come, why run
To catch their distant view?

Oh, let to-morrow's woe
In wise concealment rest;
Do not her frightful visage trace,
And wear it on thy breast.

Enjoy, endure, and do,
From vain forebodings free,
And make life's bitterest moments yield
Their lingering sweets to thee.

—*New York Independent.*

## DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

We find, in the second number of a new English monthly magazine, styled the *English Woman's Journal*, a piece of actual life-history of a most heroic and touching character. The narrative is an account of the professional education of a young Englishwoman residing in America, who somewhat astonished the world by becoming a regular diplomaed physician, and settling in that capacity in New York. The narrative is the production of an admiring and sympathising sister. Elizabeth Blackwell was the eldest of a family of seven, thrown, with their mother, on the world, by the early death of their father in embarrassed circumstances. She had a severe struggle for some years, striving to maintain herself, and help the junior branches by teaching. At length, having, by inconceivable self-denial, saved a little money, she entered upon a course of education for the profession of a physician, being of opinion that women are fitted to become medical practitioners, and that she would be doing her sex some service by showing them the way. It will be found, in the ensuing extract, what difficulties, in addition to those of poverty, she had to overcome before the attainment of her wishes:

"In May, 1847, after three years of incessant application, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in teaching, she left Charleston, and went to Philadelphia, where she endeavored to obtain admittance to the medical schools, but without success. The physicians at their head were either shocked or angry at her request, and the doors of all those schools were closed against so unprecedented an application; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she now entered upon a course of private anatomical study and dissection with Professor Allen, and of midwifery with Dr. Warrington, of Philadelphia. But although she could undoubtedly learn much from the private lessons of competent instructors, she felt that so fragmentary a mode of study could not give her the solid medical education resulting from a regular collegiate course; and, moreover, as it was her aim not to incite ignorant or half-educated female pretenders to an unauthorized assumption of the physician's office, but, on the contrary, to procure the opening of the legitimate approaches of the medical career to women seriously desirous to qualify themselves for the worthy discharge of its duties, by passing through the course of preparation prescribed to men, her admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma—as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women—were essential to the carrying out of her plans. She therefore procured a list of all the medical colleges in existence in the United States, and proceeded to address an application for admission to each of them in succession.

"'I am sending out arrows in every direction, uncertain which may hit the mark,' she remarks, in a letter written at this time.

"Her application, though accompanied by a certificate of her having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr. Dickson, was refused by twelve medical colleges. In some cases, the refusal was couched in the shape of a homily on the subordinate position assigned to woman by nature and society, and her presumption in wishing to enter a sphere reserved to the nobler sex; or an exposition of the impropriety and indelicacy implied in a woman's attempting to learn the nature and laws of her own physical organization. For several months it appeared as though even her tenacity of purpose would fail to break through the barriers of prejudice and routine opposed to her on every side. But at length her path, so long obstructed, began to grow clearer.

"Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the United States, one had been addressed to the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the State of New York. The faculty of that institution having considered her request, agreed that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory acquirements, should not be admitted; but feeling that the question was one whose decision must rest, practically, with the students themselves—as it would have been easy for them, if so disposed, to render a place in the amphitheatre untenable by a lady—they determined to refer the matter to them, and, having called them together, left the application with them for examination and decision. The students, having discussed the subject, decided unanimously in favor of the new applicant; and a 'preamble' and 'resolutions' were drawn up and voted by them, inviting her to enter the college, and pledging themselves 'individually and collectively, that, should she do so, no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step.'

"A copy of these 'resolutions,' accompanied by a letter of invitation from themselves, having been transmitted to her by the faculty of the University, she went to Geneva in November of that year, was entered on the college books as 'No. 417,' and threw herself into the study of the various branches of medical learning thus opened to her, with an ardor proportioned to the difficulties she had to overcome in gaining access to them.

"But the position she had striven so hard to attain was not without certain inconveniences, inseparable from the nature of the case; and though she had weighed, and was prepared to endure them, for the sake of the knowledge that she could obtain in no other way, it will be readily understood that a young and sensitive woman could not find herself placed in so novel a situation, and assist at all the demonstrations involved in a complete course of medical exposition, without occasional severe trial to her feelings. Aware that the possibility of her going through with such a course depended on her being able, by her unmoved deportment, to cause her presence there to be regarded, by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred; confronted only with the truth and dignity of natural law, she restricted herself, for some time after her entrance into the college, to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of color might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally created by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific analysis. How far the attainment of a self-command which rendered her countenance as impassible as that of a statue can be attributed to the effect of such a diet, may be doubtful; but her adoption of such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted here.

"From her first admission into the college until she left it, she also made it an invariable rule to pass in and out without taking any notice of the students; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the professor, and on her note book.

"How necessary was her circumspection to the prosecution of the arduous task she had assumed, may be inferred from an incident which occurred during the lecture in the amphitheatre, a short time after her admission. The subject of the lesson happened to be a particularly trying one; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper—evidently a note—was thrown down by somebody in one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her, and that, if she meant to remain in the college, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the occurrence of any similar act. Without moving, or raising her eyes from her note-book, she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes, she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building, and then, with the slightest possible turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missive to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students; and, in an instant, the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note book, taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the college was made from that moment; and not the slightest annoyance of any kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard at once kindly and respectful, was thenceforward evinced towards her by her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet, whenever the opportunity of so doing presented itself in the course of their common studies, they always showed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and some of them are among her truest friends at this day.

"The feeling of embarrassment which had caused her so much pain on her first appearance among her fellow-students was, however, soon modified by familiarity with topics forming the subject of daily study, and was at length entirely absorbed in the growing interest and admiration excited by the wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human frame. But the suffering it had caused her, on her entrance into the college, suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-class medical school for the reception of female students only—an institution which she hopes to establish in the course of time.

"But though the 'lady-student' had thus made good her position within the walls of the college, the suspicious and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town was long in subsiding. She could not, at first, obtain admission to a suitable boarding-house; the heads of those establishments having been threatened with the desertion of their 'best' inmates if she were received. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the college, audible whispers of 'Here she comes!' or rude cries of 'Come on, Bill, let's have a good look at the lady-doctor!' would meet her ears: and not only idle boys, but well-dressed men and women, would place themselves before her, or draw up in little knots along the pavement, to see her go by, as though she had been some strange animal from another planet. But the passage of the quiet-looking little figure, dressed with the utmost simplicity, taking no notice of the rude people about her, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, gradually ceased to excite remark; and when she had been called upon by the wives of some of the professors, the most 'respectable' of the boarding houses consented to receive her as an inmate. * * * *

"From the time when she had first resolved to enter upon the study of medicine, until a very recent period, she pursued a system of self denial in every branch of personal expenditure so rigid that it would be hardly credible to those who had not witnessed its details, and involving privations that only her exceptional temperament could have enabled her to undergo. Her arrangements were invariably made on the most inexpensive scale; she put up with the simplest accommodations, dressed with more than Quaker plainness, went about on foot in all weathers to the utmost limit of her strength, and resolutely denied herself everything, without exception, that it was possible for her to do without. Her relaxing herself a little bottle of eau de Cologne, which she could have bought for fourpence-half-penny, and to which, being very fond of scents, she happened one day to take such an especial fancy that she was haunted for years with occasional visions of that same little bottle, was in accordance with the invariable rule she had marked out for herself. Acts of rare generosity on her part towards others during this period might be cited; but with regard to herself—although additional resources were placed at her disposal by her relatives in England—her self-denial was inexorable; every farthing thus economized being regarded by her as so much gained for the exigencies of future study, and treasured accordingly. Such having been her mode of action from the beginning of her student's career, it was not without an almost heroic effort that, as her course of study drew towards its close, she compelled herself to purchase a handsome black silk dress for the grand affair of her graduation. In a letter written at that time, she says: 'I am working hard for the parchment, which I suppose will come in due time; but I have still an immense amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony; and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk, biding its time. It is a rich black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church; I shall have to mount a platform, on which sits the president of the university in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace womankind, the college, nor the Blackwells, by presenting myself in a shabby gown.'

"In January, 1849, the ceremony in question took place, as just described. The church was crowded to suffocation; an immense number of ladies being present, attracted from every point of the compass, from twenty miles round, by the desire to witness the presentation of the first medical diploma ever bestowed on a woman; and among the crowd were some of her own family, who had come to Geneva to be present on the occasion. When the preliminary ceremonial had been gone through with, and various addresses had been delivered, the wearer of the black silk dress ascended to the platform with a number of her brother-students, and received from the hands of Dr. Lee, the venerable president of the university, the much-desired diploma, which, with its seal and blue ribbon, and the word *Dominus* changed to *Domina*, admitted her into the ranks of the medical fraternity, hitherto closed against her sex. Each student, on receiving the diploma, returned a few words of thanks. On receiving hers, Dr. Elizabeth replied, in a low voice, but amidst a hush of curiosity and interest so intense that the words were audible throughout the building.

"'I thank you, Mr. President, for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the endeavor of my life to do honor to the diploma you have conferred upon me.'

"The President, in his concluding address, alluded to the presence of a lady-student during the collegiate course then closing, as an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one; and stated that 'the zeal and energy she had displayed in the acquisition of science had offered a brilliant example to the whole class;' that 'her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects;' that 'the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them were of a higher character than those of any class that had been assembled in the college since he had been connected with the institution;' and that 'the most cordial good wishes of her instructors would go with her in her future career.'"

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is now a highly successful *doctor* at New York, where she has been latterly joined by a junior sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, who has passed through the same professional education with equal *éclat*, but under greatly less difficulty.

☞ "THE WAY THE MONEY GOES."—The cost of a 13 inch shell, as it flies through the air, is £2 10s. At each explosion there goes two guineas, bang! The estimated cost of firing a 36-inch bomb, is nearly £30. These figures afford some idea of the "shelling out" which is necessitated by warfare.

SPEAK OUT!—Don't practice prevarication or circumlocution, young friends! It may be true of language, as judged by the dictionary, and as charged upon it by a famous satirical writer, that it was seemingly invented to hide thought, instead of expressing it. To this purpose the "ifs" and "ands," the "perhapses," &c., are very frequently put. But we warn you the more earnestly against their prevaricating use, if you are desirous of maintaining your self-respect and personal integrity. No, no. Never prevaricate! If a question is asked you, answer promptly, or decline answering altogether. And the latter course it is your privilege to take, if an improper question is put to you from idle curiosity, or some worse motive. There is nothing more attractive in young people than frankness of bearing—frankness of look as well as of speech—an open countenance and a truthful tongue—an eye that never winks beneath the burden of a falsehood—a lip that refuses to let a lie pass over it. There are no words in the English language more valuable than the little monosyllables "yes" and "no." There is no prevarication in them when properly uttered. But when they are drawled out into "ye-e-s" and "no-o-o," then they become words of prevarication. Out with them, in a clear ring of the voice, when you speak them! Only so will you do justice to your native sense of propriety. Only so can you be contented with yourself. Only so can you be truly happy! There is nothing so safe in the long run, and surely nothing more beautiful, than truth—truth frankly spoken. Speak out!

☞ A young spark, suffering from a too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lassitude*.

## Useful Receipts.

VERMIN RIDDANCE.—Half an ounce of soap boiled in a pint of water, and put on with a brush while boiling hot, infallibly destroys the bugs and their eggs.

Flies are driven out of a room by hanging up a bunch of the Plantain or Fleawort plant, after it has been dipped in milk.

Rats and mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered squills. They devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man.

When it is remembered how many persons have lost their lives by swallowing, in mistake, mixtures of strychnine, ratsbane, corrosive sublimate, which are commonly employed for this purpose, it becomes a matter of humanity to publish these items.

House ants ravenously devour the kernels of walnuts, and shellbarks or hickory nuts. Crack some of these, and place them on a plate near the infested places; and when the plate is full of the ants, throw the contents in the fire.

Cockroaches, as well as ants, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places frequented by these troublesome insects.

TO DESTROY ROACHES.—In moving into houses vacated by unneat people, persons often find themselves overrun with mahogany colored roaches. This was once our case, yet we so speedily exterminated the vermin, that others similarly situated may be glad to know how the nuisance may be abated. Make a smooth flour paste in a tin vessel holding a pint. Into half this quantity of paste, while hot, place a shilling's worth of phosphorus, stirring it, while over the fire, until incorporated with the paste, which will require about ten minutes. A stick about a foot long should be used for this purpose, in order that a flying particle may not burn the hands. When nearly cold, stir in sufficient lard or grease to prevent the mixture from drying. Then spread it thickly upon pieces of glass, and lay them within reach of the roaches. They will devour it with great greediness, swell and die at their repast. Nothing half so efficacious as this is sold in the shops.—*North American.*

COOLING ROOMS.—The warm weather will shortly be here, and every one will be seeking the refreshing influence of a cool and shady place, whereunto they can retreat from the blazing sun; so we will give our readers a few hints concerning the cooling of their houses. The first necessity is a thorough draught. This can always be obtained by opening every door and window in the basement, the top of every window above, and by throwing each door wide open; but above all be sure that the trap-door in the roof is open, and there is plenty of air room from it down the stairs, so that whichever be the direction of the wind, there will be at least one ascending current of air in the house. Another requisite is shade. Venetian blinds answer well for the windows, but the most cheap and convenient shelter for the roof is to cover it thickly with straw, dried reeds, or rushes. These will resist the influence of the noonday sun, and keep the garret almost as cool as the basement. One of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means of artificially lowering the temperature of a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooling; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink ten or twenty degrees in less than half-an-hour.

HOW TO TAN A SHEEP SKIN.—To tan a sheep skin so as to make it nearly, if not *quite* equal to buckskin. Soak the skin in water a day or two, then with the back of a common drawshave scrape off the wool and grain, then take off the flesh. Mix four tablespoonsful of good soft soap, and four of tanner's oil, and one of salt, and rub well on both sides of the skin, and then roll it up in a wet cloth and lay it in the cellar for four days; then hang up to dry exposed to the air but not to the sun, and pull it occasionally to soften it. This, and the two following receipts, are from a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer*, who says he knows from trial they are of *great value*.

CURE FOR HEAVES IN HORSES.—Take three quarts of sweet milk and mix in two spoonsful of oil vitriol, then stir in shorts to thicken, and let the horse eat. Give this dose three times a week, keep the horse from dusty hay, and you will soon have a sound horse.

TO DRIVE AWAY POLL EVIL.—At the first appearance, and before it has broken, rub on a few drops of oil of cedar once every two days, for a short time, and it will soon disappear.

## WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a Pastor,
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've heard at least a score,
All of 'em "tip top" preachers,
Or so their letters say—
And yet we can't exactly hit
Upon a proper man!

The first who came among us,
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him
Because he *was* the first:
It being quite the custom,
To sacrifice a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who but for one great blunder
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people,
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind,
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners,
Who rent the highest pews.

On these, his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit:
The cost of gospel teaching
Was quite too light a fit;
Of course his fate was settled,
Attend, ye Parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call!

Next came a spruce young dandy
Who wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those,
We couldn't hear the sermon,
*For thinking of his nose.*

Then wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
'Mid doctors and professors
To find one that would do.
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With *tolerable* agreement,
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined;
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought *that College*
Had claims above "our Church."

Next we despatched committees,
By twos and threes to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came—a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn,
Before the second line.
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayers were e'er addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food
On such a love'y topic,
"The joys of solitude,"
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds and moon-light groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith, and true repentance,
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the ragged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days,
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts,
We had no chance at all,
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow,
But where they bid the highest
'Twas whispered he would go.

And now good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church affairs;
With this clear understanding—
A man to meet our views
Must preach to please the sinners;
And fill the vacant pews.

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BLACK AND WHITE.—A pretty little blonde actress at one of the boulevard theatres of Paris, exhibited a singular taste, by appearing in a toilette of deep black on all occasions; from the first of January to the last of December. Desirous of knowing the cause of this eternal mourning, her intimate friend, M'lle A., demanded:—

"How happens it, my dear, that you are always clothed in sable, like the page of the defunct M. Marlborough?"

"That is my secret."

"But one has no secrets from a sincere friend. Is it a vow?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you mourn a first love?"

"Ma foi!—no."

"A parrot, a King Charles, a protector?"

"I detest all pets."

"What then, pray, is the virtue which you desire to exhibit?"

"It isn't a virtue."

"Well, what then?"

"The whiteness of my shoulders."

"Mon dieu!—I suspected it."

## HAREM LIFE.

The published Remembrances of her recent trip through Asia Minor and Syria, by the Princess Belgiojoso, afford an accurate and truthful picture of Harem life, and place the degrading and evil effects of the practice of Polygamy in a vivid light before the reader.

The Princess had been residing for some time in the valley of the Ciaq-maq-Oglou (Son of the Flint-stone) at some days' distance from the important town of Angora, when, apparently, a great lady's fantasy assailed her, and urged her to travel to Jerusalem. She set out, in consequence, accompanied by a numerous escort, and the first day's journey terminated at the town of Toherkess, where the lady descended at the house of a mufti, whom she had cured some months previously of intermittent fever. (It seems that she has been playing the Lady Bountiful on a considerable scale.) Here, of course, she was received with open arms, and takes occasion to speak very sensibly about Turkish hospitality, on which subject considerable delusion still exist. As she truly observes, those authors who have praised the hospitality accorded them in Turcoman villages are perfectly wrong, for in those villages the worst reception is offered you. But with a Turk hospitality is the sole Christian virtue he thinks himself bound to exercise. A Musulman would be inconsolable were he to fail in the laws of hospitality. You may turn him out of his house, leave him to kick his heels in the rain or sun; you may upset his carpets and pillows, eat him out of house and home, founder his horses if you will, and he will not utter a word of reproach; he regards you as his Mazafir, or guest; Allah has sent you, and whatever you may do, you are and ever will be welcome. All this is admirable; but if a Musulman can contrive to perform the strict letter of the law of hospitality without the outlay of a farthing, or even by gaining money in return, then good-by to virtue, and long live hypocrisy! Your host will overwhelm you with attentions as long as you are in his house, but if, on your departure, you *do* not pay him twentyfold the worth of what he has given you, he will wait till you have quitted the house and put off the sacred character of guest, and be the first to throw stones at you.

The mufti's house, like all the better class residences in this country, was composed of a *corps de logis*, reserved for the women and children, and an exterior pavilion containing a winter and summer room, and some sleeping dens for the servants. The winter room was warmed by a capital chimney, covered with thick carpets, and decently furnished with divans, covered with silk and woolen stuffs, arranged around the apartment. The summer saloon contained a fountain, round which cushions and divans were arranged, when necessary, on which to sit or sleep. The mufti, a man of ninety years of age, still in possession of several wives, the eldest of them thirty years of age, children from the nurse' arms up to the sexagenarian, professed an extreme dislike for the noise, confusion, and dirt of the harem. He went there during the day, just as he visited the stable to admire his horses; but he always slept in one of the outer rooms, according to the season. This was fortunate for the Princess, for the old gentleman argued, *à fortiori*, that if he who had been used to it all his life could not stand the harem, much less could a lady fresh from all the delights of Franghistan. He therefore offered her his own room, which she gladly accepted, while he retired to the summer saloon, preferring the frozen fountain, the damp floor, and the draughts of air, to the warm but impure atmosphere of the harem.

"Possibly I may destroy some illusions by speaking with so little respect of the harems. We have read descriptions in the Arabian Nights and other Oriental stories: We have been told that these places are the abode of beauty and love; we are authorized in believing that the descriptions written, though exaggerated and embellished, have still a foundation of truth, and that in these mysterious retreats all the marvels of art, luxury, magnificence, and voluptuousness are combined. How far we are from the truth! Imagine walls blackened and cracked, ceilings with the beams gaping and covered with dust and spiders' webs, sofas torn and greasy, *portières* in tatters, traces of tallow and oil everywhere. When I entered for the first time one of these charming places I was disgusted, but the mistresses of the house did not perceive it. Mirrors being very scarce in these countries, the ladies bedizen themselves in the strangest possible guise. They thrust a number of bejewelled pins into printed cotton handkerchiefs and then roll them round their heads. They pay not the slightest attention to their hair, and only the very great ladies who have visited the capital possess combs. As for the many-colored paints, of which they make an immoderate use, they can only regulate their distribution by mutual assistance, and as the women living in the same house are so many rivals, the great object is to render them ridiculous. They put vermillion on their lips, rouge on their cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, white wherever there is a vacancy, and blue round their eyes and under their nose. Stranger still is the manner in which they paint their eyebrows. They are doubtlessly told that, to be beautiful, the eye-brow should form a large arch, and they have thence concluded that the larger the arch the more beautiful is the eyebrow, without inquiring whether its position is not irrevocably fixed by nature. This being the case, they allow their eyebrows all the space between the temples, and paint on their foreheads two immense arches, which, starting from the top of the nose, run across the forehead. Some young eccentric beauties prefer a straight line to a curve, and trace a broad black band across the forehead; but these are exceptions."

A deplorable effect is produced by this painting, combined with the indolence and want of cleanliness among Eastern women. Each feminine face is a very complicated work of art, which cannot be renewed every morning. Even the hands and feet, painted of an orange color, fear the action of water, as injurious to their beauty. The multitude of children and servants, especially negresses, who people the harems, and the footing of equality on which mistresses and servants live, are also aggravating causes of the general want of cleanliness. We do not refer to the children alone as prodigious sources of dirt; but just imagine for a moment what would be the state of our drawing-rooms if our cooks and kitchen-maids came to rest from their labors on our sofas and easy-chairs, with their feet on our carpets and their backs against our walls. Add to this that window-panes are still a rarity in Asia, that the majority of windows are closed with oiled paper, and that wherever paper is valuable, the windows are done away with, and the ladies content themselves with the light penetrating through the chimney, which is more than sufficient to smoke, drink coffee, and whip naughty children—the only occupation in which the mortal houris of Musulman believers ever indulge. It must not be assumed, however, that these rooms are so very gloomy. As the houses are never more than one story high, the chimneys never extend beyond the roof, and, being very wide, it is often possible, by bending, to see the sky above them. The thing most wanting in these rooms is fresh air; but the ladies make no complaints about it. Naturally chilly, and unable to warm themselves by exercise, they stay for hours crouching over the fire, quite regardless of the risk they run of suffocation.

The Mufti of Toherkess, according to the Princess, was an admirable specimen of a Musulman. He did not appear more than sixty years of age; his back was slightly bent, but that was rather the result of condescension than of weakness, and he wore with as much grace as nobility the long white robe and red pelisse of the doctors of the law. His regular features, his clear and transparent skin, his blue and limpid eye, his long, white and flowing beard falling to his chest, his broad brow surmounted by a white or green turban, would serve admirably for a model of Jacob or Abraham. The house was at all times surrounded by devotees of every age and condition, who came to kiss the hem of the holy man's garment, asking his advice, his prayers, or his alms, and who all went away satisfied, and singing the praises of their benefactor. When surrounded by his younger children, who climbed on his knees, hid their ruddy faces in his long beard, and fell asleep in his arms, it was a charming sight to witness him smile on them tenderly, listen to their little complaints, exhort them to study, and go through the alphabet with them. The Princess was lost in admiration of this just man, and said to herself:—"Happy the people that still possesses such man, and can appreciate them!" A conversation she had with the mufti rapidly disillusioned her, however, and we purpose to produce it *in extenso*, as a proof of the just stand-point from which the Princess regards Eastern habits and morals:

"The old man was seated, holding a young child on either knee. I asked him if he had several wives. He replied, 'I have only two at present,' as if ashamed to be so badly provided; then he added, 'You will see them to-morrow, and will not be satisfied with them (here he made a movement of disdain); they are old women who have been beautiful, but it was a long time ago.'

"'What age are they?' I asked.

"'I cannot tell you exactly; but they are not far short of thirty.'

"'Oh, yes!' here exclaimed one of the mufti's servants. 'His excellency is not the man to content himself with such females, and he will soon fill up the gaps which death has made in his harem. If you had come a year ago you would have seen a woman suited for his excellency, but she being dead, he will find others, you need not fear.'

"'But,' I asked again, 'as his excellency is no longer young, and has had, as it seems, several young wives always, and only regards them as such to the age of thirty, I calculate that during the course of his long life he must have received a very considerable number into his harem.'

"'Probably,' said the holy man, without any emotion.

"'And your excellency has, doubtless, many children?'

"The patriarch and his servant looked at each other and burst into a loud laugh.

"'Many children!' replied the master, when the fit of mirth had passed off, 'I really believe I have; but I could not tell you the number. Say, Hassan,' he added, addressing his servant, 'could you tell me how many children I have, and where they are?'

"'Indeed not. His excellency has them in all the provinces of the empire, and in all the districts of each province; but that is all I know, and I would bet that my master is not wiser than I am on that point.'

"'And how should I be?' said the old gentleman.

"I insisted, for my patriarch was losing my esteem rapidly, and I wished to open his whole heart. 'These children,' I continued, 'how are they brought up? who takes care of them? at what age are they separated from their father? where are they sent? what profession do they follow? what are their means of existence? and by what sign can you recognize them?'

"'Oh! I may be mistaken, like any one else; but that is of slight importance. They are all brought up by me, as you see. I am educating these two, until the age when they can take care of themselves. The girls are married, or betrothed, as soon as they have reached their tenth or twelfth year, and I never hear any more about them. The boys are not so precocious, they cannot walk alone until they are fourteen; but then I give them a letter of recommendation to some friend in business; he employs them himself or finds them a place, and, after that, I wash my hands of them.'

"'And you do not see them again?' I went on.

"'How do I know? I receive very often visits from people who call themselves my sons, and who may be so. I give them a kind greeting, and keep them for some days without asking any questions; but, at the end of that time, they see there is no room for them here, and nothing for them to do. Their mothers being dead, they are strangers to me. Thus they go away, and never come back any more. Others arrive in their place, and behave in the same way. Nothing could be better.'

"I was not yet satisfied. 'But,' I went on, 'are these pretty children you are now caressing destined to undergo the same treatment?'

"'Certainly.'

"'You will separate from them when they are ten or fourteen years of age? You will not be anxious as to what becomes of them? You will never see them again, perhaps? And if they do come back you will treat them as strangers, and see them go away forever, without giving them one of those kisses of which you are prodigal to-day? What will become of you presently, in your desolate house, when the voice of your children no longer resounds through it?'

"I was beginning to grow animated, and my friend did not understand me. The servant, however, seizing the sense of my last words, hastened to reassure me as to the future isolation of his revered master.

"'Oh, no,' he said, 'when these children are grown up his excellency will have others quite small. You may safely trust to him in that matter: he will not allow any failure.'

"Hereupon master and servant burst out laughing once more."

The old man had, however, remarked that the effect produced on his guest by this conversation, was not to his advantage, and he was anxious to retain her esteem.—Hence he commenced a long discourse about the inconveniences of too large a family, and the impossibility of rearing and bringing up thoroughly all the children born, especially during a life so long as his. The tone of this apology was perfectly serious, but the argument was so odious and absurd that the Princess was repeatedly on the point of interrupting him. At any rate, she sang her mental palinode as thus:—"Unhappy the people among whom such men are honored as models of virtue!" The next day the Princess received a visit from the principal spouse of the patriarch. She was a handsome virago, frightfully bedaubed with red and black; as for white, it was certainly there, but could not be detected. The Princess returned the visit, and found the hostess surrounded by all the ladies of the town, who paid assiduous court to her, which she accepted graciously, as due to her position. Thus terminated their acquaintance, and the Princess soon after set off on her travels once more.

At Cæsarea, the Princess accepted the hospitality of a rich Armenian merchant, father of a numerous family. His eldest daughter, already a wife and mother, had come to reside with her parents during the absence of her husband on business matters. Several relations established in the province had assembled round the rich merchant to enjoy the last days of the carnival, and the consequent pleasures. The three or four rooms that compose a house in this part of the world were crammed with women, girls, and children, dressed as if for a ball, from morning till night, and from night till morning, for no one in the East dreams of undressing to go to bed. This is not so inconvenient for the rich, who can change their attire during the course of the day, but the effects are deplorable for the poor, who keep the same dress on for a month or more. The amusements took place on the roofs of the houses, which communicated with each other by small staircases or ladders, and thus formed a sort of public walk, where they were sheltered from any foreign invasion. The Armenian population of Cæsarea remained on the roofs from daybreak till nightfall in their handsomest clothes. The men display their luxury in the beauty of their furs, but the ladies have not such limited ideas. They wear, like all Oriental women, wide trowsers, loose robes opening at the sides to make room for the puffing of the trowsers, several bodices, put on one over the other, of stuffs and various colors, a scarf round the waist, a fez, their hair plaited and hanging, and coins embroidered over all. The Armenian ladies of Cæsarea are distinguished for the delicacy and harmony of the colors of their stuffs, the richness and good taste of the embroidery with which their bodices are covered, and the style of wearing their hair. They do not roll round their heads those frightful printed cotton handkerchiefs of which Switzerland sends thousands annually to Asia. The top of the fez and the tassel are embroidered in gold, and sometimes in pearls. The hair forms a dozen to fifteen plaits of equal length, but here the gold coins are not restricted to the ends of the plaits; they are sewn on a black ribbon which is placed on the plaits, halfway between the neck and the waist, forming a brilliant semicircle, which contrasts singularly with the dark color of the hair. A profusion of sequins also covers the front of the fez, falling on the forehead. Others are attached to the ears, or form a cuirass to the neck, chest, and arms. Other ornaments also find a place among these coins. Bouquets of diamonds are placed round the fez, or on the front bandeaux of the hair; brooches of precious stones, collars or chains of pearls are stretched across the bodice under the bosom, or pass beneath the chin from one ear to the other. The daughters of the rich are the most magnificently adorned, for they carry, in the form of jewelry, their entire dowry, which frequently amounts to very considerable sums. It is true, that after a few years of marriage, the coins diminish in number, which leads the Princess to believe that young ladies in the East do not have their fortunes tied down so securely as is the case among ourselves. And now for the amusement these ambulating jewellers' shops are indulged with:

"There is only one dance through the whole Ottoman Empire; it is the same for the Turks, the Arabs, for all the Musulman nations scattered over its territory; it is the same for the Greeks and Armenians subject to the Sublime Porte; and this universal dance scarcely deserves the name of a dance. Two persons of the same sex, but always dressed as women, stand opposite each other, holding castanets, if they have them, or two wooden spoons to serve as such; sometimes nothing at all. But the movement of the fingers and the pantomime of the castanets are *de rigueur*. The two dancers bend and extend their arms, move their hips rapidly, balance the upper part of the body more gently, and lightly sway their feet without raising them from the ground. While continuing these different contortions, they advance, fall back, turn on their heels and round their vis-à-vis, what time the music, usually composed of a tambour, a drum, or a shepherd's pipe, marks the measure as it grows more rapid. As for the gracefulness of this dance I can say nothing, but its indecency at once strikes the most inexperienced eye."

## MISTAKES OF PHYSICIANS.

Oliver W. Holmes, (physician, philosopher and poet) in a lecture upon physicians, gives the following account of some mistakes which have been made in medicine:

"Sooner or later, everybody is tripped up in forming a diagnosis. I saw Velpeau tie one of the carotid arteries for a supposed aneurism, which was only a little harmless tumor, and kill his patient. Mr. Deane, of Dublin, was more fortunate in a case he boldly declared an abscess, while others thought it an aneurism. He thrust a lancet into it, and proved himself in the right. Soon after he made a similar diagnosis. He thrust in his lancet as before, and out gushed the patient's blood and his life with it. The next morning Mr. Deane was found dead and floating in his own blood. He had divided the femoral artery.

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"I have doomed people, and seen others doom them, over and over again, on the strength of physical signs, and they have lived in the most contumacious and scientifically unjustifiable manner as long as they liked, and some of them are living still. I see two men in the street very often, who were both as good as dead in the opinion of all who saw them in their extremity. People will insist on living, sometimes, though manifestly *moribund*. In Dr. Elder's Life of Kane you will find a case of this sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mutinied, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, near her end, got a little vexed about a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven twenty miles to the house of a relative, and lived for four years longer. Cotton Mather tells some good stories which he picked up in his experience, or out of his books, showing the *unstable equilibrium* of prognosis. Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Musgrove was shot with a bullet that went in at his ear and came out at his eye on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. *Per contra*, Col. Rossiter, cracking a plum-stone with his teeth, broke a tooth, and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelius, from a scratch; and a man who had a crowbar shot through his head is alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in the view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease not long watched, and the many unexpected turns it may take."

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SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.—Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a Secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume—the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds—the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of gray cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries—the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honor of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down in his singing robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands; having his home and his welcome in every devout heart, and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.

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AN OLD MAN.—Mr. James Nolan, of Knockindrane, in the county of Carlow, died on the 24th ult., at the patriarchal age of 115 years and 9 months. He was born in 1742, and had therefore lived in the reigns of five sovereigns of England. His father, whom he well remembered, died more than 100 years ago at the age of 86, having been born in the reign of Charles the Second, and having lived through the reigns of eight monarchs of England. Thus the two generations extended back nearly as far as the time of Cromwell. The late Mr. Nolan had all his faculties preserved to him to his death. His sight was all but perfect—his hearing only was defective. Of sober, quiet habits, he cared little for the things of this world—for whilst his brothers' families have spread into every county in Leinster, he has remained on the farm left to him by his father 100 years ago. In personal appearance he was most commanding, with good features, and fully six feet in stature. He was visited annually by his landlord, the Earl of Bessborough, who delighted to hold converse with him on the varied incidents of which he was an eye-witness.—*English Paper.*

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CONSTANCY.—If you resolve to make wisdom and virtue the study and business of your life, you must be sure to arm yourself beforehand against the inconveniences and discouragements that are likely to attend this resolution. I imagine that you will meet with many scoffs and much derision; and that people will upbraid you with turning philosopher all on the sudden. But be not affected or supercilious; only stick close to whatever you are in your judgment convinced is right and becoming, and consider this as your proper station, assigned you by God, which you must not quit on any terms. And remember, that if you persevere in goodness, those very men who derided you at first will afterward turn your admirers. But if you give way to their reproaches and are vanquished by them, you will then render yourself doubly and most deservedly ridiculous.—*Epictetus.*

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☞ If you are disquieted at anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself and lose my peace and tranquillity.

## A MIGRATORY ROSE.

Strange as the heading of this paper may appear to the reader, the flower is nevertheless an entity—a thing that exists, and may be handled; a plant almost as regular as the swallow in its flittings to and fro; one that travels many miles annually; and, what is more, a fashionable one—resorting to the sea-side during the hottest season, to indulge in a swim among the cool billows of the Mediterranean. The name of this remarkable vegetable phenomenon is *Anastatica hierochuntica* among the botanists; the *Rose of Jericho* with the unlearned.

Very many superstitions are connected with this extraordinary plant in the minds of Bedouins and other Arab tribes. The ancients attributed miraculous virtues to the Rose of Jericho. Dispensing with the notions of both, however, there remains to us quite a sufficient charm about this apparently insignificant shrub, which seldom attains six inches in height, to apologise for introducing the subject to our readers.

To behold this little rose, it is not necessary to tell you "to go to Jericho;" no such uncomplimentary journey is required. In the arid wastes of Egypt, by the borders of the Gaza desert, in Arabia's wilderness of sands, on the roofs of houses and among rubbish in Syria, abundant specimens are to be met with. But, like many other things of insignificant exterior, few pause to look upon or handle this wayside shrub, which nevertheless carries with it a lesson and a moral.

By the laws of *germination*, there are, we are told, these three things necessary for a plant—humidity, heat, and oxygenised air. The first of them is indispensable, inasmuch as without it the grain or seed would not swell, and without swelling, could not burst its shell or skin; and heat, in union with water, brings various gases to young plants—especially oxygen—which are necessary for its existence.

With these facts before us, and a knowledge that rain seldom falls in most places where the Rose of Jericho thrives, how are we to account for the extraordinary circumstance of this plant being periodically abundant and flowering at precisely the same season year after year, when, by the acknowledged laws of germination, there has been that succor wanting which is indispensable to propagate vegetation? Now appears the most remarkable and most direct interposition of nature for her offspring—an interposition little short of miraculous, and, indeed, apparently so fabulous as to be unworthy of record. But the fact has been established beyond doubt that, for its own purposes, this little plant performs annual journeys over a large extent of country, and into the ocean, whence, at a stated period, it, or rather its offspring, returns to the original haunts, takes root, thrives, and blossoms.

In the height of spring, when nature casts her brilliant vesture, set with flowers and flowerets of a hundred varied hues, over the fertile valleys and hills of Syria and part of Palestine; when every breeze is laden with rich incense from orange groves or honeysuckle dells, then unheeded, amidst the rich profusion of vegetation, or isolated amid the desert sands, blossoms the tiny Rose of Jericho. On house-tops, where the sun's fierce rays rend crevices—on dust-heaps, where half-starved wretched curs prowl and dig for food or a resting-place—where multitudes throng the streets, and where neither foot of man nor beast has ever left imprint on the broiling sand, there sprouts the wonderful *Anastatica hierochuntica*. When summer has fairly set in, and flowering shrubs have ceased to blossom—about the same season of the year that Mr. Bull and his family are meditating a month's trip to the sea-side for fresh breezes and sea bathing, when the whole house is turned topsy-turvy in the pleasurable excitement of packing for the month's holiday—the Rose of Jericho begins to show symptoms of a migratory disposition also. How astonished Mr. Brown would be if his gardener rushed in with the startling intelligence that some favorite rose-bush or other plant in the garden had evinced sudden signs of restlessness, and, after a few preliminary efforts, had quietly taken itself off for the season!

Hadji Ismail, the Bedouin camel-driver, who witnesses this phenomenon annually, encountering scores of migratory *Anastatica hierochuntica*, simply pauses to stroke his prolific beard and fresh charge his pipe, while he pours into the eager ears of some untravelled novice legends about this wonderful rose—legends replete with fairy romance, in which almost invariably a certain unmentionable gentleman comes in for a volley of invectives as being the instigator of this mysterious freak of nature.

The first symptom the Rose of Jericho gives of an approaching tour is the shedding of all her leaves; the branches then collapse, apparently wither, and roll themselves firmly into the shape of a ball. Like the fairies that travelled in nut-shells, this plant encounces itself in its own framework of a convenient shape, size, and weight for undertaking the necessary journey. Not long has the flower assumed this shape when strong land-breezes sweep over the land, blowing hot and fiercely towards the ocean. In their onward course, these land-winds uproot and carry with them the bulbs or framework of our rose; and, once uprooted, these are tossed and blown over many and many a dreary mile of desert sand, till they are finally whirled up into the air, and swept over the coast into the ocean.

Soon after the little plant comes into contact with the water, it unpacks again, unfolds itself, expands its branches, and expels its seeds from the seed-vessels. Then, I presume, the mother-plant finishes her career, or is stranded a wreck upon the sea-beach. However this may be, it seems evident that the seeds, after having been thoroughly saturated with water, are brought back by the waves, and cast high and dry upon the beach. When the westerly winds set in with violence from the sea, they carry these seeds back with them, scattering them far and wide over the desert, and among inhabited lands; and so surely as the spring-time comes round will the desolate borders of the desert be enlivened by the tiny blossoms of the Rose of Jericho.

# CLOSE OF CONGRESS.

## EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

## WARLIKE SPEECHES, &c.

SENATE.

On the 14th, the Senate agreed to adjourn at 6 o'clock that evening

Mr. Doolittle presented a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of acquiring by treaty in Yucatan, Central or South America, the rights of citizenship for such free negroes as may emigrate from the United States; the United States, in consideration of the trade thence, to protect such colonies.

The Post Office Appropriation Bill was taken up.

A vote was taken on agreeing to the recommendations of the Conference Committee on the Post Office Appropriation Bill—namely, that the Senate recede from its amendments abolishing the franking privilege and increasing the rate of postage. The vote stood: yeas 33, nays 17, consequently the bill was passed.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, introduced a resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether further legislation was necessary respecting the election of United States Senators. Agreed to.

Mr. Seward, of New York, presented a resolution, returning the thanks of the Senate to Mr. Breckinridge, for the dignity and impartiality with which he had presided. Agreed to unanimously.

A Joint Committee was appointed to inform the President that Congress is now ready to adjourn.

Mr. Benjamin introduced a resolution that the President cause to be prepared, ere the next session, a tabular statement of all the claims of American citizens against foreign Governments, with the action taken on each, and the result thereof. Agreed to.

Mr. Douglas introduced a resolution that the organization of Territorial Governments for Arizona, Dacotah, and Nevada be made the special order for the second Monday in December.

The Senate was occupied most of the afternoon in Executive Session, and at 6 o'clock adjourned.

On the 15th, the Proclamation of the President, convening an extraordinary session, was read.

A committee, consisting of Senators Allen and Seward, was appointed to inform the President that a quorum had assembled, and that the Senate was ready to receive any communication he may be pleased to make.

Mr. Allen subsequently reported that they had performed that duty.

Mr. Green presented a memorial from Benjamin W. Perkins, of Worcester, Mass., in which he states that, in June, 1855, he contracted with the Russian Government, by its accredited Minister at Washington, for the purchase of 150 tons of powder, and in January, 1856, for thirty-five stands of arms. These were promptly delivered, but the contract was violated by the Minister. Mr. Perkins asserts that he is wholly ruined, and wants $355,000 damages, and asks the Senate for relief against the unjust and oppressive acts of a foreign Government.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, offered a resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, calling on the President to communicate whether any complaint had been made by the Government in relation to the alleged breach of contract. Without undertaking to express any opinion, he thought that this was a case which demanded the attention of our Government. It may turn out that the memorialist is mistaken, but the paper came before the Senate in a plausible shape.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, called up the resolutions, heretofore reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, in regard to British aggressions. It seemed to him a matter of moment that the judgment of the Senate should be passed upon them, because of the probable bearing they may have on any negotiation now pending. We have evidence, since the introduction of these resolutions, that, from some cause or other, these same aggressions have been continued in the Gulf of Mexico and the waters adjacent, by British cruisers. We have reason to believe that the visitation and detention of our vessels is not in consequence of any new orders; and the probability is, either that they are acting without, or from an undue perversion of existing authority. He thought that, when the subject was brought to the attention of the British Government, she would disclaim these acts; but the resolutions distinctly presented the question between the two countries, and hence it was important that the judgment of the Senate should be pronounced in advance of the negotiation.

Mr. Wade wished to inquire of Mr. Mason whether these aggressions had not been committed in the effort to put down the slave trade—whether our flag has not been used to cover this trade—and, particularly, whether there is really any difficulty between the two Governments which may not be settled by treaty, in a way honorable to all parties concerned—preventing the slave trade and our flag from being used as a screen? There seemed to him to be no difficulty. While he in no manner justified the proceedings of the British vessels, yet he believed the slave trade was abhorred by both parties, and each was willing to assist in suppressing it. The English could have no motive for insulting our flag, but they have presumed more on us than on any other foreign power.—There is no inherent difficulty.

Mr. Mason replied that it was an undoubted fact that the British Government was trying, for many years, to obtain from all maritime nations, as against the slave trade, the mutual right of search and visitation; and she has obtained it from the principal powers in Europe. But the United States have always denied it.—He would not say there may be no practical mode for the final disposition of the question, if Great Britain claims the right to visit for any purpose, yet he did not see how it could be done.

Mr Benjamin, of Louisiana, trusted that the resolutions would be adopted before the Senate adjourned. He had hoped that an opportunity would have been presented for deliberate discussion, and such measures taken as forever to put a stop to the pretentions of Great Britain. The Senator from Ohio said that no doubt the motives of Great Britain were good, and the actions of the officers laudably directed.

Mr. Wade remarked that he did not say laudably.

Mr. Benjamin resumed. He had not so read the history of the relations between this country and Great Britain as to give her credit for sincerity in this pretended right. Difficulties constantly occur between us, because of her aggressive policy. She has but a single aim—to control the commerce of the world. She grasps at every ocean and point with this view. She has, for a long series of years, been endeavoring to obtain from our Government the right of visitation, which cannot be acceded to without carrying with it in her favor the supremacy of the seas. It was obvious to all that visitation is practically the right of search. It was admitted by all writers to be a belligerent exercise, and should never be submitted to in time of peace. There had not been energy enough in the management of our foreign relations; not what we had a right to expect from the tone of the Inaugural Message. He trusted that something definite would now be done. It was his opinion that Great Britain would not surrender the demand she has so long and persistently pursued. Information should be given to her that her pretensions cannot any longer be submitted to negotiation—that we cannot permit search. If she insists on her course, then the people of the United States should prepare for war.

Mr. Clingman, of N. C., thought it probable that Great Britain might excuse her proceedings by saying that Commodore Paulding violated foreign territory, seized some of our own people and brought them away, not because they had committed felony, but a misdemeanor, and, although he violated the law, his motives were good. The President and the Committee on Foreign Relations made an agreement to this effect. The British government is entering our ships. Why? It wants to stop a felony. Suppose we make a complaint. We will be told that one of our own officers violated the territory and jurisdiction of a foreign country, and, so far from punishing, the President commended him, and some Senators thought he ought to have a medal. Could Great Britain have a stronger case? The act of Commodore Paulding was as plain a violation of the constitution and international law as could possibly be committed. Some members of the British Parliament might, following the example, get up and propose that the commander of the Styx be presented with a medal. His motives were good in suppressing felony and putting down piracy. While gentlemen justify the violations committed by our own officers, they should make some excuse for others. He believed, with Mr. Benjamin, that something ought to be done to maintain our respect abroad. He intended to vote for the resolutions; but they fall far short of what we ought to do. The Senate, however, can now do nothing but make a protest.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, wished to know what part of the constitution and laws had been violated by Com. Paulding, in the arrest of Gen. Walker.

Mr. Clingman replied—That clause which says that no power shall be exercised except what is granted. In the second place, he committed disobedience and violated the laws of the United States, and in the last violated the laws of nations, by invading the territory of a foreign power.

Mr. Doolittle joined issue most distinctly, and could demonstrate in any court of impartial judges, that in no respect did Com. Paulding violate the constitution or laws, or any instructions received from the Department at Washington. The President is authorized expressly to use the land and naval forces to prevent the carrying on of expeditions from the shores of the United States against a friendly central power. The Minister from Nicaragua returned thanks for the capture of Walker and his followers. We never violated a friendly neutral territory. Nicaragua invited us before the President sent in his message. We never violated the territory for hostile purposes, nor was there such an intent. It was preposterous to say so. Com. Paulding only carried out his instructions; but when a clamor was made against the Administration, it did not dare to take the responsibility of the act. Instead of sustaining Com. Paulding, as the Administration of President Monroe did Gen. Jackson when he seized St. Marks, it suffers Com. Paulding to be sued in an action of trespass in the courts of New York, and suffers him to be arraigned simply for doing his duty to prevent Gen. Walker from levying war on a friendly power. With regard to the British conduct, Mr. Doolittle said that he did not believe from the beginning that there would be war, but that the British government would declare that the instructions to the cruisers have been exceeded.

Mr. Clingman thought that he could show that Yrissari had no authority to authorize the invasion, and the President and Committee of Foreign Relations had declared the act illegal. What he complained of was, that instead of Com. Paulding being censured or punished, the Executive and committee made an argument in his defence. Therefore, the British government can make a stronger argument in its own defence. While they admit that Com. Paulding's act was illegal, the Senator from Wisconsin (Mr. Doolittle) proposed to present him with a medal.

Mr. Mallory, of Fla., was fully satisfied that the British instructions of 1846 had never been modified or extended. These visitations have been going on for ten years, but because they have been multiplied lately, doubtless mitigated by the hope of prize money, they have attracted more general notice than heretofore. This, however, was no sudden impulse of the American people, and, in this connection, he read Mr. Marcy's letter in 1855 to the Spanish Minister, relative to the war vessel Ferrolana firing into the El Dorado, the former asserting that this was a belligerent act which no nation had the right to exercise on the high seas in a time of peace. This case has a peculiar significance. Spain thus acted in her own jurisdiction; but the United States stands pledged against the right of search by uncompromising resistance. The doctrine is, that where the American flag floats, there foreign dominion shall not come. Our right has been abused. Great Britain will say that she had no idea of offending us; but, at the same time, will say, that if the flag is suffered to pass without being verified, the slave trade will be carried on. We must see that our flag is not abused, and defend it.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, did not propose to go into this question of British outrage. He should vote for the resolutions. His object in rising was to notice a telegraphic despatch giving an account of the proceedings of what is termed the Administration State Convention at Springfield, Illinois, in which its public course is condemned. He proceeded to show that this was not a Convention of the Democracy of Illinois. Two persons nominated for State officers are not and have not been recognized as consistent Democrats. The true Democratic Convention was that held in April last; and, instead of being abused, he was endorsed by it. What was this Administration Convention? There was a man in Illinois who holds office, traveling all over the State, claiming that he is authorized by the Administration to denounce every man as a traitor to the party who does not approve the Lecompton Constitution. This man, with a few hollers from the genuine Convention, where they were voted down twenty to one, got up the present squad of federal officeholders, who were threatened with removal from office by the postmaster at Chicago if they failed to attend. Their object is to divide the Democracy of Illinois and denounce Douglas. He never yet had been denounced by the regular Convention. The bogus gathering was got up by Dr. Charles Lieb, the agent for the Post Office Department in Illinois. All that is known of his history is this: When Jim Lane and his gang were driven from Kansas in 1856, Lieb fled to Illinois, pretending to be the confidential agent of President Buchanan. This Lieb was the chief officer of the Society of Danites, and took the horrid oaths required to break up the Democratic party, under the penalty of being reviled by men, frowned on by devils, scorned by angels, and forsaken by God.

Mr. Bigler, of Penn., said that what the Senator had asserted was the last thing which could have occurred to any man's imagination. He had before heard this allegation against Dr. Lieb, and called his attention to it. Dr. Lieb solemnly denied ever having belonged to such an association, and said that the use of his name was without any authority. He was not in Kansas at the date of its organization.

Mr. Douglas replied, that this compelled him to make a statement to the contrary. The first time he ever saw Dr. Lieb was in 1856, when he admitted that he was the man. The fact was susceptible of proof by hundreds of people in Kansas, and he has admitted it hundreds of times. It was only an evidence of the vileness of the man's character, if he denies that he was the chief officer of the Danites in Kansas, under Jim Lane. This fact was brought to the attention of the Postmaster General before Dr. Lieb was appointed, but the Postmaster said that he had promised that Lieb should have the office before he knew it. The Free Soil party in Illinois have no hope of success in the election, except by destroying the Democracy, and an alliance was formed between them and Lieb and his followers.

Mr. Broderick, of Cal., wished to know whether the Administration encouraged Dr. Lieb?

Mr. Douglas replied that he did not say that the Administration gave him the authority. The infamy of his acts was too gross to induce the belief that the President, or his Cabinet officers, could give him such authority, yet he did say that, if it is not disavowed after the facts are known, they will become as responsible as if they had given the authority.

Mr. Broderick expressed his delight at Mr. Douglas's remarks.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, had no disposition to interfere with the factions of the so called Democratic party. He would not have risen, had not his colleague said that the Free Soil party had no hope of success except by alliance with Dr. Lieb & Co. If his colleague is laboring under such a misapprehension, he would disabuse his mind. The Republican party intend to beat both Dr. Lieb and the Democratic party, together or separately. There is no alliance between them and this man Lieb and his associates. The Republicans will oppose the Lecompton Constitution and all other constitutions like it, and he would be happy to unite with his colleague to do it. This Dr. Lieb had been active against the Republicans, and he might be obnoxious to the charges against him for aught he knew. The Springfield Convention had denounced the Republicans in the most abusive, gross language and falsified their principles. They are no allies of the Republicans.

Mr. Douglas replied that the hope was that Dr. Lieb would take off enough Democrats to elect a Republican Legislature. This threat "we will beat you at all hazards," reminded him of Andrew Kennedy, of Indiana, who was asked how he, a Democrat, was elected in a district giving four thousand Whig votes. Andy replied, "I beat four of the oldest Whigs and could have beaten four more if they had run against me. The district was divided into four parties, and I could have beaten them if they had been divided into eight." [Laughter.] Mr. Douglas said that his colleague knew well that the hope was to get Dr. Lieb to take off members from the Democratic party and thus insure a Free Soil victory, and elect John Wentworth to Douglas's place in the Senate. As to who Wentworth is, the history of the House of Representatives will show. Mr. Douglas charged the alliance and said he could prove it if he could make Senators witnesses.

Mr. Bayard, of Del., said that whether Dr. Lieb is a Danite or not, it was not important for the country to know in connection with the pending resolutions. He regretted exceedingly that Mr. Douglas had interposed the politics of Illinois, unless the Senator thought they were more important than the subjects connected with the aggressions of a foreign power. He then argued that visitation and search are the same, and that they depend on the same principles. The flag constitutes the protection of our vessels.

Mr. Mason asked that a vote be taken on the resolutions, if not now, it may not be at all.

Mr. Toombs, of Geo., said that he was opposed to them and wanted to be heard.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, the Senate went into Executive Session, and afterwards adjourned.

On the 15th only thirty-eight Senators answered to their names on calling the roll this morning. It was voted unanimously to go into secret session, and the galleries were cleared of the spectators, who had assembled in expectation of the debate on the British outrage being resumed.

When the doors were opened, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, moved to take up the resolutions in relation to the British aggressions. Agreed to—yeas 32, nays 3, as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bell, Benjamin, Bigler, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Crittenden, Davis, Douglas, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Gwin, Hammond, Hayne, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Arkansas, Jones, Kennedy, King, Mason, Polk, Reid, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart, Trumbull, Wade, Wright and Yulee.

Nays—Messrs. Broderick, Harlan and Pugh.

Mr. Mason said that he had refrained from debating these resolutions, notwithstanding their important character. On his motion the vote was taken, and they were unanimously adopted, and Mr. Mason asked that this fact be entered on the journal.

The resolutions are as follows:—

Resolved, (as the judgment of the Senate,) That American vessels on the high seas, in time of peace, bearing the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore any visitation, molestation or detention of such vessels by force, or by the exhibition of force, on the part of a foreign power, is in derogation of the sovereignty of the United States.

Resolved, That the recent and repeated violations of this immunity, committed by vessels of war belonging to the navy of Great Britain in the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent seas, by firing into, interrupting, and otherwise forcibly detaining them on their voyage, requires, in the judgment of the Senate, such unequivocal and final disposition of the subject by the governments of Great Britain and the United States, touching the rights involved, as shall satisfy the just demands of this government, and preclude hereafter the occurrence of like aggressions.

Resolved, That the Senate fully approves the action of the Executive in sending a naval force into the infested seas, with orders "to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention by the vessels of war of any other nation." And this is the opinion of the Senate that if it becomes necessary, such additional legislation should be supplied in aid of the executive power as will make such protection effectual.

A committee was appointed to wait on the President, and having reported that he had no further communication to make, the extraordinary session was finally adjourned.

Among the foreign appointments confirmed by the Senate are the following:—

Dr. Bradford, of New York, Consul at Rome.
Gabriel Fleuret, Consul at Bordeaux.
Gov. Wright, of Indiana, Minister at Berlin.
John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, Minister at Rome.
J. R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, Minister at Naples.
E. Y. Fair, of Alabama, Minister to Belgium.
B. C. Yancy, of Georgia, Minister to the Argentine Republic.
Coxton Smith, Minister at Bolivia.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 14th, a message was received from the President, announcing to the House that he had approved the bills for the supplemental and deficiency Indian expenses; for the establishment of post routes; for the transportation of mails by ocean steamships; providing for the civil expenses of the Government; for the support of the army; providing for the expenses in the collection of the revenue; for a military road from Astoria to Salem; and several others of private character.

The House concurred in the report of the last Committee of Conference on the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, the Senate having receded from all its amendments.

The bill granting pensions to the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812 was made the special order for the second Tuesday of December next.

Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, from the Joint Committee, reported that they had waited on the President, who informed them that he had no further communication to make.

At half-past two o'clock the House took a recess till a quarter to six o'clock. The House then adjourned *sine die*.

# EUROPEAN NEWS.

## RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION.

## FRENCH IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The U. S. Mail steamship Vanderbilt brings Liverpool advices to the 9th.

The London papers contain interesting articles in reference to the outrages on American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico.

In the House of Lords, on June 8th, the Earl of Clarendon asked if the Government could lay before the House any information concerning the proceedings of the British cruisers in the Gulf. Lord Malmesbury said he had nothing but *ex-parte* statements. But from a conversation with the American Minister, he believed there was no great difference in the views of both countries on the question. From the orders sent out to the officers of the West India squadron, no repetition of such proceedings was likely to occur.

Mr. Wilson asked (in the House of Commons) whether there were any objections to lay on the table the correspondence between the British Government and that of the United States respecting the slave trade.

Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald replied—That the Government had received no official information of the arrest of Capt. Judkins. With regard to the other question, the American Government had made grave charges against certain British officers; but no official account had been received from these officers. He could only say that, if occurrences such as those complained of had occurred, they would be viewed with the deepest regret by the Government, and immediate explanation given. The fullest information should be laid before Parliament as early as possible. In the meantime, he had only to add that orders had been sent out to the officers in command of the squadron in the Cuban waters, to make every inquiry into the subject, and that the greatest caution and forbearance should be exercised towards vessels bearing the American flag.

The London Times, in a leader on the searching of American vessels, reiterated its objections against the policy of maintaining a squadron which has proven so ineffectual for the end in view. It says:

"Whatever the right of the case, and however far Americans may be ready to go at present in compliance, for peace sake, we cannot but look forward to a day when it will be more disagreeable, and at the same time more unnecessary for the Americans to submit, and a still greater let down for our own pride to give way."

After passing some censure upon the apathy of the American Government in the suppression of the slave trade it concludes as follows:

"We do not compel her to the virtue she has not; before very long the mere attempt must bring on a fearful war. Is there no such thing as giving up a crusade, which began with being optional, and is found to be ineffectual? Is nothing to be surrendered, except after the loss of 30,000 lives on both sides, and thirty millions of money? Is there no other use, equally benevolent, to which we could put the half million and valuable lives annually sunk in these squadrons?"

In its city article of the Times, some reflections are made on the same subject, and it is asked whether, supposing America unwilling to find ships for the suppression of the slave trade, there might not be an agreement for one or two American officers to be received as permanent guests on board British vessels, while serving on such duties, and all searches to be conducted under the auspices of such American officers?

The Daily News's editorial on the same subject, regards the affair as a disagreeable one; but thinks it premature to jump at conclusions without hearing both sides of the question. It discredits the reports made by some of the American captains.

The same paper draws a contrast between the serf emancipation policy of Russia and the slave policy of America, and incidentally reviews the career of Tourgueneff and Edward Everett, upon the latter of whom it casts some bitter reflections.

The London Post thinks that if injury has been sustained, England cannot refuse the reparation demanded by Secretary Cass, and calls for such forbearance in the matter complained of as will not endanger the friendly relations between the two countries.

The London Star thinks the danger is imminent, unless the British Government recede from its untenable position.

The Atlantic telegraph fleet returned to Plymouth from their experimental trip on the 3rd inst. The experiments in paying out and hauling in the cable in water nearly two miles deep, and much deeper than it is any where between Ireland and Newfoundland, was entirely successful, and the new machinery is pronounced perfect. The operation of splicing the two ends was perfected four times, and the cable was payed out at the rate of seven to eight knots an hour.

The expedition will finally start from Plymouth on the 9th or 10th of June.

On the 29th ult., Professor Hughes worked with his Printing Telegraph machines through 3,000 miles of cable, at the rate of thirty-two words per minute. Professor Whitehouse worked at the rate of nineteen words in eighteen minutes, and Mr. Thompson was unable to work at all.

The Government has chartered twenty additional ships to convey troops to India. Twenty-five thousand troops are to be sent to India immediately.

The bill abolishing the property qualification of members of Parliament had passed.

Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he should shortly call attention to the whole subject of the Hudson Bay Company.

Rioting was taking place almost nightly in Belfast, on a large scale. Places of public worship and private houses had been attacked, and a considerable amount of property destroyed.—The military and police were engaged in quelling the faction fights.

INDIA.—A week's later news from India had been received in England, via Alexandria and the telegraph from Malta.

Sir Hugh Rose had met the rebels and defeated them with great slaughter, no less than four hundred having been left dead on the field.

The rebels were collecting rapidly at Calpee, where they were making another stand against the British forces.

Nana Sahib seems to have become somewhat alarmed for his own safety, and attempted to escape to Central India. His retreat was, however, cut off.

A detachment of Europeans and Ghoorkas had been repulsed by the rebels in the mountains.

CHINA.—A despatch from Pekin directs the plenipotentiaries of the Western Powers to return to Canton, as the new Imperial Commissioner is gathering his forces to recapture the city, and was expected to succeed.

ITALY.—There had been an extraordinary and fearful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, causing the loss of many lives and a large amount of property.

The French Mediterranean squadron, which the advices per Europa stated to have sailed from Toulon with sealed orders, had concentrated in the Adriatic.

FRANCE.—Affairs between France and Spain look complicated. The French Ambassador had returned to Paris. The reason is not stated.

M. de Pene, the editor of the "Figaro", who was wounded in the duel with M. Hyenne, of the army, was much improved in health.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent writes that, at a Cabinet dinner, the Emperor presiding, it was decided that the Circular compelling the conversion of the hospital lands should be definitely withdrawn.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times gives a copy of the Convention concluded between the Government of Costa Rica, on the one part, and Felix Belly acting in behalf of Millard & Co., of Paris, on the other, relative to the concession of an inter-oceanic canal by the River San Juan and Lake Nicaragua.—The document is dated May 1st. The company are to commence the work in two years and complete it in six, and the channel is to admit two of the largest ships to pass abreast. It is to be entirely under French direction, and the French Government is to have the exclusive privilege of keeping two ships of war on the water of the route throughout. The whole period occupied in the concession is ninety years from the opening of the canal. The line is to be open to all flags at a moderate, uniform toll.

The Times pronounces this scheme impracticable, the capital being estimated at ten to fifteen millions sterling.

Accounts of the silk crop in the South of France are unfavorable, disease showing itself.

BELGIUM.—A railroad collision had occurred between Mons and Manage, by which twenty one were killed and fifty-two were wounded.

SWEDEN.—The health of the King of Sweden has so much improved, that it was hoped in a few months he would be able to resume the direction of affairs.

TURKEY.—The insurrectionary movements continue in Montenegro. A force of 27,000 troops has been ordered to advance there. It is said that France designs to send more men-of-war to the Adriatic. Six Turkish steamers with 3,600 men, had arrived at Gravosa.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL, June 9.—The Cotton market opened this week quite buoyantly, and with a tendency to recover the decline of the previous week, but the advices by the Persia had an unfavorable effect, and the market became weak, and closed quietly at the quotations advised per Europa, with a tendency towards easier prices. The sales of the three days were 22,000 bales, of which speculators took 5,000, and exporters 1,000.

The market for Breadstuffs wears a generally drooping aspect. All qualities are in but little demand, and prices tend downward. Western Canal Flour is quoted at 20s@21s 6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore 21s@21s 6d; Ohio 21s 6d@23s 6d. Wheat is quite dull, with a slight decline on all sorts of Red; the quotations are for Southern White 7s@7s 3d; Western White 6s@6s 4d; Western Red 5s 6d@5s 7d. Corn is dull, and White is very difficult to sell at 6d decline. The quotations are for White 32s@33s 6d, and Yellow 34s 6d@34s 9d.

The Provision market wears a generally steady appearance. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Beef quiet, but steady at last quoted rates. Pork quiet and firm at the quotations per Europa. Lard heavy, 55s being the highest auction bid for Prime. Tallow is dull, and quoted nominally at 53s.

There is a fair demand for Rosin, and prices are steady—4s 4d@4s 2d for common. Coffee is quiet and unchanged in price. Sugar is quiet, but without change in rates. Ashes are dull at a slight decline on all sorts; both Pots and Pearls are quoted at 37s 6d@38s. Spirits of Turpentine is steady at 48s.

LONDON MARKETS, June 9.—At Mark Lane, Breadstuffs are dull, and Wheat and Flour somewhat lower. Cotton is dull. Coffee continues firm. Rice is heavy at last quotations. Saltpetre is firm. Molasses is in very active demand, and prices are buoyant. Tallow is slow of sale, but prices unchanged.

The Money market continues without change; the supply is abundant, at 2½ ₩ ct.

Consols for account (the books being shut,) are quoted at 95⅛@95⅝—ex-dividend.

MANCHESTER, June 9—The market for goods and yarns is quiet, but steady.

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If life be time that here is spent,
And time on earth be cast away,
Who so his time hath here misspent,
Hath hastened his own dying day;
So it doth prove a living crime
To massacre our living time.

☞ Who will take Trelawney's opinion of Byron after reading this? "There is to me," said Byron, "something very softening in the presence of women; some strange influence even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself and everything else, if there is a woman within ken."

☞ The other day, a teacher at a lady's school, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their spelling, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question being put, with a side long look, blushingly answered, "For courtin' wi'."—*Scotch Paper.*

☞ The editor of a Western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it the man said, "You can easily have it repaired." "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar." "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor!—Here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper."

☞ Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him, in a most important case, occupied himself with a favorite spaniel, or Newfoundland dog, seated by him, and all the world will remember the rebuke administered to him by that rarely gifted man. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation or malice prepense, Lord Clare raised his head, and asked: "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

☞ The following affecting epitaph may be found on a grave-stone in Connecticut:

"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anno Domino, eighteen forty."

☞ At the recent meeting of the Essex Institute at Nahant, one of the pupils of Prof. Agassiz made an interesting statement in regard to the turtles of America. He said the turtles of the South could easily be distinguished from those of the North, as the former had three toes, and the latter four toes. "You mean to say," responded a clerical delegate, "that the turtles of the North and South differ in *to to*."

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POST-MORTEM PHILANTHROPY.—The writer of a late work on prison discipline tells of an English reformer who carried out his philanthropic principles by making a will in which every portion of his frame was devoted to public utility.

After the body was subjected to anatomical inspection, the hair was to be given to an honest plasterer, who would use it in the mixture of mortar; his teeth—white and regular—might be sold to a skilful dentist, and the proceeds serve to augment some patriotic fund, designed to vindicate and advance "the people's rights;" and even his sinews were to be converted into fiddle-strings, to enliven those enslaved citizens who might be groaning under the influence of monarchical despotism. This was carrying benevolence to the "last extremity."

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FECUNDITY OF FLIES.—From a single fly more than two millions of these pests are produced in one summer.

### NEWS ITEMS.

THE LIQUOR LAW VOTE IN MAINE.—The returns from 150 towns show the following result:—For the Prohibitory Act of 1858, 17,561; for the License Act of 1856, 2,570. It is evident that a large number of voters did not visit the polls on this occasion.

JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Minister to Naples. Mr. Chandler was formerly the editor of the United States Gazette, which, under his control, long stood in the front rank of journalism.

THE Anti-Lecompton Democrats in California are organizing what they style "Mud-Sill" Clubs.

COULD NOT BEAR PROSPERITY.—About a year ago, James Dean, who was working as a journeyman carpenter at Chicago, Illinois, received a legacy of about $200,000 by the death of an uncle in Australia. He died a few days since from the effects of dissipation.

CAUTION TO EMIGRANTS.—There is said to be an organized gang of swindling land brokers in Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota, who rob the emigrants by selling them counterfeit titles to lands. In Iowa there are already detected sales of land to the amount of $100 000, under these fictitious titles.

WELL DESERVED PUNISHMENT.—Dr. Rutland, of Stewart county, Tennessee, has been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years. While his wife was in the perils of child birth, he refused to allow her any medical attention, and would not suffer even her friends and neighbors to nurse or visit her. At the end of several days Mrs. Rutland died.

THE Republican Convention recently held in Illinois, was composed of a thousand delegates from ninety-five counties. James Miller was renominated as candidate for State Treasurer, and W. Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the Philadelphia platform, denouncing the Dred Scott decision, and reaffirming the power of Congress over the Territories.

CHINESE SUGAR.—The citizens of Springfield, Illinois, have voted in public meeting, to accept the proposal of two gentlemen of Cincinnati to establish a mill in Springfield, for the manufacture of sugar and molasses from the Chinese sugar-cane. The requisite machinery is ready, and the enterprise will be undertaken at once. Fifty acres of cane are to be planted this year, and if successful, more will be added in future. Refined sugar-cane molasses now sells in Cincinnati at eighty cents per gallon.

AN infant child fourteen months old, of Evan Griffith, of Chester county, Pa., had her leg amputated the other day. This will be an unusual thing—a child a little over a year old learning to walk with an artificial leg.

A NEW MOVEMENT.—A large meeting, designed to inaugurate a "new national party," of which the Tariff is to be the leading principle, was held recently in this city. Henry C. Carey was President. The meeting was addressed by several Senators, Representatives, &c., on their way home from Washington.

A CHIEF of the Snake Indians, residing near Utah, lately died, and his relatives, in addition to the killing of his favorite horses over his grave, buried with him, alive, a little boy, of whom the deceased was very fond, in order that he might accompany him to the spirit-land. They wrapped the boy up alive in a blanket, and placing him in the grave with the corpse, buried them together.

A RECENT communication to the Indian Office from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at San Francisco reports a strange but shocking custom that prevails among almost all the Indians of California. This is that of burying alive. When a widow dies and leaves young children, rather than trouble themselves with their support, the tribe to which she belonged will bury the orphans alive. The superintendent states that he will use all his efforts to put an end to this cruel practice, but it has been impossible to prevent it entirely as yet, even on the Government reservations.

FICTITIOUS NAMES.—It is a very common custom for persons to receive letters through the post office under fictitious addresses. This plan is resorted to often for legitimate purposes, but more frequently to cover the schemes of some villain. A recent decision of the post-office department has shut down upon this practice.

ROBERT T. LUCE, late student of the Rensselaer Institute, died in Kansas, on the 25th ult., of consumption, originating from violent exercises at a cricket match. He was about twenty years of age, and a son of the heroic Captain Luce, of the fatal steamer Arctic.

THE report that Miss Cushman is to retire from the stage on a fortune of $300,000, is denied by a Boston paper. Her fortune, not so large as the sum named, is said to be wholly invested in this country, and she has *not* "a villa in ancient Rome."

The Georgian contradicts the report that a number of the leading merchants of Savannah were about to give up business, and seek their fortunes in some other city.

SEVERAL coaches and covered wagons, intended for use on the overland mail route from St. Louis to San Francisco, passed westward through Rochester, on the Central Railroad, recently.

A MISSISSIPPI paper says that the number of taxable slaves in Mississippi, is 368,182, an increase on 1856 of 18,450. If the average value of the slaves is estimated at $600 each the total would be $220,902 200.

COUNTED IN ITALY.—Several American counts, it is reported, have been made in Italy, lately, in this way: The Pope, not being able to finish a certain railway, for lack of money, offered the title of count to every foreigner who would subscribe a sum of five thousand dollars to the road. The required sum was soon obtained, and a few more noble families were let loose in society.

THE Boston Herald states that Elizabeth Newell, thirteen years of age, attempted to commit suicide recently, by drinking a cupful of burning fluid, assigning, as cause, ill-treatment by her teacher at the Franklin School, her fear of returning to the school, and the reputation she had acquired as a "stupid child." She is under medical care, and it is thought the school committee will thoroughly investigate the matter.

THE mate of the schooner Kenah, charged with abducting slaves, has been tried before two juries at Petersburg, Va., and each one failed to agree upon a verdict, whereupon the case was postponed until the 7th of November. Captain Bayliss received his formal sentence—forty years in the Penitentiary—on Saturday week. His vessel was declared forfeited to the State.

LACE.—The foreign journals report that the reign of lace is restored in fashionable circles abroad, and never, since the days "when George the Third was King," has lace been worn in such profusion as it is at the present time in Great Britain. Certainly it must be admitted that no other trimming is so rich, light and delicate. Every now and then, when taste and ingenuity are exhausted in the invention of new trimmings, capricious fashion returns to lace.

WOOL CROP IN OHIO.—The Springfield (Ohio) Nonpareil says: "The wet weather has delayed the sheep-shearing the present season. It is thought, from the lack of the money pressure, that prices will not be as high as last year at this time; but it is the opinion of good judges that prices will come up to a high figure by August (perhaps). Evidently wool-growers have no good cause to be discouraged. There has been a large decrease in the wool crops, and an increased demand, which will operate favorable upon prices."

MONTGOMERY, Anti Lecompton Democrat, from Western Pennsylvania, has been re-nominated for Congress by the party. His majority in the three counties composing his District, over Lazear (Lecompton) was about 1,800.

## MARRYING A WIFE TO ESCAPE BEING EATEN FOR DINNER.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post, tells the following:—

The law gossip of the week in Paris, concerns most especially those who go down to the sea in ships, and may serve as a warning lesson to those who prefer present security to future peace and happiness. A year or two ago M. Malfilatre, honor, hope, and heir of a renowned calico-printer, stocking maker, and night-cap vender of Rouen, set sail from Havre to proceed to Sydney, in order to superintend the business which his father carried on in that place, and which the death of his partner had left without surveillance. One of those accidents which will happen, in spite of captain or compass, even to the best governed ships on the ocean, happened, as a matter of course, to the rotten little barque in which M. Malfilatre set sail—and on the inhospitable shore of Wallis's Island was it wrecked, everything lost but M. Malfilatre, to whom everything was lost but honor. The plump person and delicocious estate of the young merchant became a great temptation to the dainty inhabitants of Wallis's Island, who have disgusted the missionaries by eating each other, and they carried him away to the chief's hut with loud shouts of triumph at the sweet morsel which the waves had thrown upon their shore.

The Catholic missionaries have a small establishment of the Maristes on the island. They work night and day, with unremitting zeal, at the conversion of these savages and have got as far as the prevention of infanticide for gastronomic purposes, which is a great step, but they have not as yet been able to inspire that wholesome dislike of human flesh which should certainly form the first step in every conversion to Christianity. The poor young man, in his dilemma, appealed piteously to the reverend fathers; but they confessed that they possessed no influence; that they were barely tolerated, and dare not interfere. The only rescue to be expected could be obtained by choosing a wife among native women, and consenting to remain on the island forever. After much persuasion from the missionary, he accepted the latter alternative, and the holy father, according to the custom of his nation, chose a bride for the young man, and took especial care to choose a good *parti*—no less a one than a daughter of the chief. One thing, however, the father insisted on—the marriage should be solemnized seriously with Catholic rites, and, at all events, the bridegoom should be bound by proper registers, and not be permitted to treat the sacred ceremony with the same lightness as it is elsewhere.

Everything was consented to by the young man, who had grown attached to life by means of a good supper, and, accordingly, on the next day the beautiful Suleta, all freshly tattooed from head to foot—her fair proportions undisfigured by crinoline, was led to the altar of the Maristes by M. Malfilatre. But, of course, our hero from Rouen had treated the whole thing as a little harmless expedient to keep a safe skin and whole bones in this hungry land, and soon began to look out for an opportunity of quitting the scene of his connubial felicity. Some months elapsed, however, before this opportunity occurred; but at length, one afternoon, wandering disconsolate on the beach, he descried a vessel in the offing. It was an English vessel, whose boat's crew in answer to the signal of distress hoisted by the bridegroom, hastened to the rescue, and bore him off to the ship, without discovery on the part of the natives, who would have killed and eaten them all had they been aware of the treachery intended. M. Malfilatre landed safe and sound at Havre only two months ago. He found that great changes had taken place in his father's household during his absence. An inheritance had fallen in—fortune had smiled most graciously upon the old man, and the son, after all his wretchedness and misery, returned to find himself the heir of wealth he had never dreamed of. The first thing for a rich man in France to do, is, as we all know, provide himself with a rich wife; the father began to look about him, and having found a suitable match, the parties were straightway brought forth to be married.

But now arose the difficulty—young Malfilatre could not deny his marriage at Wallis's Island by a Catholic priest, according to Catholic rites. The marriage was legal in every point of view, excepting in the one point of the non consent of parents of the bridegroom. So, therefore, notice was served by a *huissier* upon the "Demoiselle Suleta, falsely calling herself Madame Malfilatre" to show cause why she should not be dispossessed of that title. Of course the whole affair was considered a mighty good joke by the gossips, and laughed at accordingly; for, of course, after the delay expired, *no partie civile* appearing, judgment would go by default, and Malfilatre might be free to marry whom he pleased. Thus did the affair stand until last week, when lo! to the utter confusion of the sanguine bridegroom and his rich wife, the Bishop of Australia and Oceana, in whose diocese lies that paradise of which we have given some of the most striking *trait de mœurs*, and in defence of morality and religion, proclaims himself ready to become *partie civile* in this case, for the protection of the helpless Suleta. We may judge of the consternation thrown among the ranks of jewelers, costumers, and modistes all engaged for the rich marriage—the tears of the rich bride—the ravings of the rich bridegroom. The debates which are to come on directly, will be full of interest, and of warning at the same time. The case is considered one of the most curious on record, and has been complicated since the issue of the first *mise en demeure*, by the arrival of news of the birth at Wallis's Island, of a son to the house of Malfilatre, who now shares the interest hitherto absorbed by tattooed Suleta.

"POCAHONTAS STOCK"—VALUE OF THE BLOOD IN A CALIFORNIA COURT OF LAW.—A witness named Robinson, says the Visitor, was called before Justice Hill, on 8th May, at Sacramento, whose testimony was objected to on the ground that he had negro blood in his veins. He was sworn as to his birth and nativity and testified that he was born in Virginia, that his "mother was a full blood Pocahontas Indian and his father a Scotchman—God bless them both!" J. C. Goods was called to testify, and stated that what is known in Virginia as "Pocahontas stock" possesses less than one-half Indian blood, and further that he had known the witness in question to have testified in a justice's court in Virginia. As the father of the witness was a white man and his mother "Pocahontas stock," it was decided that he was about one-quarter Indian blood, and was competent to testify. He was the only witness upon whom the prosecution could rely for a conviction, and as a consequence, the settlement of the question was one of considerable importance.

☞ That's a very *emphatic* individual," said a gentleman to his companion, as he pointed to an intoxicated fellow leaning against a fence. "How so?" "Why, don't you see how he *leans*? He is an *Italic*."

☞ There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

☞ There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—fine breeding.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 19.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; 10,000 bbls sold. State is 5c lower; sales at $3,85@3,95; Southern unchanged. Wheat heavy; 35,000 bus sold; Western red 1,03@1,07; Milwaukie club wheat 86@93; Chicago spring wheat 80@88. Corn quiet and nominal; mixed 72@74; yellow 76@79; Pork dull; prime $13,75@13,90.

*If* THE *Atlantic cable is safely deposited, there will be established a telegraphic communication from Constantinople to New Orleans. It is calculated that a message leaving the Turkish capital at two o'clock in the afternoon would arrive at New Orleans at six!* The first message direct from Constantinople to London, on the 2nd inst., came "in less than no time"—it left at 11.45 in the evening, but arrived at 8.57 the same evening, beating the sun by three hours. [This is realized a step in the calculation of the prophet who foresaw the time when even the traveller himself might reach his destination "sooner than he could stop at home."]

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—From the reports of dealers in this city, we think no proprietary medicine has had a larger sale. Its valuable properties, as a speedy cure for pain, cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it in case of accident, or sudden attack of dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera morbus or Asiatic cholera.—*Montreal Transcript.*

WILD CHERRY BALSAM.—The memory of Dr. Wistar is embalmed in the hearts of thousands, whom his *Balsam of Wild Cherry* has cured of coughs, colds, consumption, or some other form of Pulmonary disease.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—At the close of our last report we noted that the Flour market was extremely dull, with a marked downward tendency in prices. Since that time it has presented an entirely different aspect. A speculative demand sprung up on Saturday, and continued on Monday and Tuesday, in consequence of the reported damage to the crops throughout the West, by the rain and the overflowing of the principal streams, and prices advanced 12½@25c ₱ bbl, with sales of about 10,000 bbls at $4,25@4,37½ for Superfine; $4,62½ for Wm B Thomas'; $4,50@5 for Extra, and $5@5,25 for Extra Family. Since Wednesday the speculative demand has subsided, and this improvement has been lost—closing with sales of 600 bbls Superfine at $4,25. The sales for home consumption have been to a moderate extent from $4,31½ up to $5,75 for common Superfine and Fancy Brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been in limited request, but without change in prices. Sales of 400 bbls of the former at $3,31½; 1500 bbls of the latter at $3,37½ ₱ bbl for Pennsylvania, and $3,60@3,65 for Brandywine Meal here.

GRAIN—Supplies have come forward very slowly from all quarters, and the advance in Flour, together with the reported damage to the growing crops throughout the West, have induced some holders to withdraw their stocks, while others have put up their prices 4@5c ₱ bushel. Sales of 14@15,000 bushels at 82c to $1,05 for inferior and prime Red, and 90c to $1,20 for White. Rye is in demand. Sales at 68c. Corn has been in good request, and has advanced 1@2c ₱ bushel. Sales of 5,000 bushels, in lots, at 71@73c, afloat, and 69@70c, in store, closing firm at our highest figures, including 3000 bushels White at 70@72c, and some damaged at 62@68c. Oats are in demand and have advanced 2c ₱ bushel. Sales of 13,000 bushels at 40@42c for Pennsylvania, and 39@41c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—During the past week there has been but little activity in the market. Small sales of City packed at $17@17,50, cash and 60 days, and Prime Pork in lots at $15. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly at $16,75@17, but there is no demand, except for ship's stores. Bacon—The demand has been quite limited. Sales in lots at 10½@11c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams, including 50 casks of the latter for shipment at 11 cts; Sides at 9c, and Shoulders at 7c, 60 days. We quote Hams at 9c; Sides at 8c, and Shoulders at 5½ cts. Lard—The stock of this article is now very much reduced, and prices are firm, with a moderate inquiry. Sales of bbls and tcs at 11½@11¾c, cash, and kgs at 12½@12¾c, cash. Butter is dull. Sales of sol packed Penna and Western at 10@11c, and Roll at 11@13c, as in quality.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. The stock of the finer descriptions is small and prices are firmer, but the lower grades are saleable only by submitting to some concession from former rates. Sales of 630 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½ up to 13c ₱ lb, cash, for inferior and middling fair quality.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark are light, but the demand has fallen off. No 1 is nominal at $34 ₱ ton. Two cargoes of Spanish Oak sold at $14@14,50 ₱ cord, and a lot of Chestnut at $11@11,50.

BEESWAX—Is scarce. Small sales of Yellow at 32c ₱ lb. cash.

COAL—The market has been very much depressed, as there is very little demand for the article, either for home consumption or for shipment. A few cargoes are going forward from Richmond and Bristol within the range of our former quotations. The high water which has prevailed has kept back supplies by canal. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

FEATHERS—Continue very scarce. Good Western are selling in lots at 45@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—All kinds of domestic Fruit are dull. Dried Apples range from 5½@6c ₱ lb. Peaches sell very slowly at 11@12c for unpared halves, and 15@16c for pared, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES are held very firmly. About 3000 Laguayra sold at another market, on terms not made public.

HOPS continue to attract little or no attention, and prices range from 6 to 8c ₱ lb, for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market has undergone no change for Pig Metal; about 1500 tons have been disposed of at $21, $20 at $19 ₱ ton for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $24 ₱ ton, 6 mos, but there is no demand for it. A sale of Billets at $90, 6 mos. Charcoal Blooms range from $60 to $65.—Bar and Bolle Iron sell very slowly.

LEAD—The stock here is small, but the demand for it has fallen off. Sales of 1500 pigs Virginia at 6c ₱ lb, equal to cash.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are well maintained. The stock of the former is very much reduced.

LUMBER—There has been very little doing in any description. Among the sales we notice some Calais Laths at $1,25 ₱ M, and Southern Yellow Pine Sap Board at $12@15, as in quality.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are trifling, and it is taken on arrival at $4,25@4,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is very scarce, and if here would command $1,55@1,60 ₱ bus. Calcutta Seed has advanced at the last. Timothy is nominal at $2@2,12½.

TALLOW continues dull. Small sales City rendered at 10½c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—The rates of both Leaf and Manufactured have been only in a small way at former rates.

WOOL—The applies of the new "clip" continue to come forward from the West quite slowly, and no activity is anticipated in the market until there is some accumulation of stock. We notice some considerable operations throughout the West, but prices are materially below those which prevailed at this time last year.

### BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 2 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, June 19, 1858.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PENNSYLVANIA. | | GEORGIA. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| New banks | 1½@5 dis | SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| Relief Notes | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Thoga & Shamokin mnle | | ALABAMA. | |
| NEW JERSEY. | | Solvent banks | 1 to 5 dis |
| Solvent bks par to | ½ dis | MISSISSIPPI. | |
| DELAWARE. | | All banks | uncertain |
| Solvent bks par to | ½ dis | LOUISIANA. | |
| MARYLAND. | | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Baltimore | dis | OHIO. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ to dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| NEW YORK. | | KENTUCKY. | |
| Solvent bks par to | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| MAINE. | | INDIANA. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | State bank | 1 dis |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | | ILLINOIS. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 9 dis |
| VERMONT. | | MISSOURI. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| CONNECTICUT. | | TENNESSEE. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Old banks | 3 dis |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | | MICHIGAN. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| RHODE ISLAND. | | WISCONSIN. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| VIRGINIA. | | TEXAS. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston | 5 dis |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. | | CANADA. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| NORTH CAROLINA. | | | |
| Solvent banks | 2½ dis | | |

### FITS, FITS, FITS.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE A CERTAIN REMEDY.

This disease, Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of almost daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death.

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, gradually removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, producing permanent cures.

### THE PROOF.

WEST SALEM, Edwards Co., Ill., Sept. '56.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS; but supposing they proceeded from worms, I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose. I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them, but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions. He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him. ALFRED MCKINNEY.

### ANOTHER CURE.

BURLINGTON, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov. '56.

Dr. D Jayne: Dear Sir—About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years, and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE, and some SANATIVE PILLS. She has not had a fit for three years. Yours, truly,

CEPHAS CLARKE.

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.

MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

### ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralyzed. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and I, to lose no time in procuring it. Yours, truly,

JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

THOS WOODS, WM. KITCHEN.
G. P. BROWN, G. W. FORREST,
GEO. S. SANDERS, JAS. M. JONES,
J. R. MOORE.

### AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, C. W., Aug. 3, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr. D. Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success. R. BRECKENRIDGE.

### ANOTHER CURE.

LANESVILLE, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure me, I then decided to use your medicine. I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business. Yours, truly,

SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. je12-4t

### HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

*Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

READ WHAT IS SAID OF THEM.

SCOTT, Courtland Co., N. Y., March 21st, 1857.

*Dr. C. M. Jackson. Dear Sir:*—In behalf of the afflicted, I pen a few lines to you. I have suffered and doctored myself, and know how to pity those in a like condition. Until I commenced taking your Bitters last summer, I was not able to do anything, or even to sit up any considerable length of time. Before I had taken the first bottle I felt like a new man, and now, after having continued the use of them a short time, in the worst season of the year, *I am able to labor hard every day.* To say the least, I think I have received more benefit from the Bitters than all other medicines I have taken. I have not only used your Bitters myself, but have given bottles and parts of bottles to those complaining of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and in every case they tell me they have taken no medicine so beneficial as the Bitters.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES VON BENSCHOTER.

The Bitters are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

### PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 721 and 723 Arch Street.

MEATS.

| *Beef.* | | *Mutton.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roasting rib, ₱ lb | 12 a14 | Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb | 8 a10 |
| Sirloin steak | 14 a16 | Breast and Neck | 6½a 8 |
| Rump do | 12 a14 | Young Lamb, whole | $3@4 |
| Chuck pieces | 8 a11 | Whole carcass | 7 a 9 |
| Plates and navels | | *Veal.* | |
| Corned | 8 a10 | Fore quarter ₱ lb | 8 |
| Tongues, fresh | 65 a75 | Hind do | 10 |
| Leg, each | 31½a37½ | Chop | 12½ |
| Ribs | 25 a25 | Cutlet | 12½ |
| Kidney | 8 a10 | Sweetbread each | 10 |
| Liver ₱ lb | 8 a 9 | *Pork.* | |
| Dried Beef ₱ lb | 14 a16 | Young Pigs | @1 75 |
| *Lamb.* | | Salt and fresh lb | 10 a 12 |
| Fore quarter | 75 a$1 | Sausage ₱ lb | 12½a 25 |
| Hind do | 1 00 a1 25 | Trips ₱ lb | 4 a 5 |
| Chop ₱ lb | 10 a12 | Lard do | 10 a 12½ |
| Calves Head each | 25 a37 | Hams, sliced | 15 a 25 |
| | | Bologna sausages | 10 |

VEGETABLES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lettuce ₱ head | 2a3 | Cabbage ₱ head | 10 a 15 |
| Rhubarb ₱ bunch | 3a6 | Carrots ₱ bus | @1 25a1 75 |
| Onion tops ₱ bunch | 1 | Sq do ₱ lb | 4a 5 |
| Radishes ₱ hundred bunches | 1,50a2,00 | Corn Pot's bus | 1 00a1 37½ |
| Asparagus ₱ bunch | 1,25 | Onions bus | 50 |
| Bermuda potatoes ₱ lb | 6¼ | Peas ₱ basket | 62 |
| New pot's (N C) ₱ lb | 6¼ | | |

FRUIT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples ₱ bbl | @1a1 50 | Cranberries qt | 14 a 16 |
| do ₱ pk | 25a 31 | Strawberries | 18a 25 |

POULTRY AND GAME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spring Chickens ₱ pair | 50 a 87 | Chickens ₱ lb | 10 a 12½ |
| Chickens ₱ pair | 75 a1 25 | Sab Pig ₱ pair | 25 a 37 |
| | | Pigeons doz | 25 a 50 |

SHELLFISH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Terrapin (South) doz | @4 00 a5 00 | Oysters, Absecons ₱ bbl | 50 a 75 |
| do (Chas & Del) | @3 00 a4 00 | do ₱ M | @10 00a12 00 |
| Lobsters ₱ lb | 10 a 10 | M Bay Cove ₱ M | 10 00 a12 00 |
| Clams ₱ M | 2 00 a2 50 | N Y do ₱ bbl | 1 00 a1 25 |

MISCELLANEOUS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Butter ₱ lb | 20 a 21 | Mackeral | 10 |
| Lard do | 14 a 25 | Dry Cod | 4 a 5 |
| Eggs doz | 11 a 13 | Sm'd Herring bunch | 5 |
| Cheese ₱ lb | 5 a 6 | Honey ₱ lb | 20 a 25 |
| Flour Sifted | 10 a 25 | Vinegar once cake | 2 a |
| Half Shad ₱ lb | 12 | Halibut | 6 a 8 |

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
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E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
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JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. MCHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | |
| U S 6 pr ct | | |
| " " | '62 | 104 — |
| " " | '67 | 114 — |
| " " | '68 | 114 — |
| " " | '85 | 102½ |
| Phila 6 pr ct | 98 | 98½ |
| " " new | 100½ | — |
| " 5 " | 90 | — |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| Pitts 6 pr ct | — | 75 |
| " " coupon | — | — |
| All'y City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " County " | — | — |
| All'y co R R 6's | 40 | — |
| Penn " | 93½ | 90 |
| " " coupon | 93½ | 93½ |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 97 | 97½ |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 103 | 103 |
| Missouri 6's | 94½ | 95½ |
| Penn R R 6 pr ct | 100½ | 101 |
| 2d m rt loan '83 | 86 | 87 |
| C & Am R R 6 pr ct | 77 | 80 |
| P G & N R R " | 97 | — |
| Reading R R " | 74½ | 75 |
| " " m'rt " | 90 | 92 |
| " " 6 pr ct '85 | 68½ | 68½ |
| Lehigh Val 6's | 81 | 82 |
| Ches Val R R " | 92 | 93 |
| Tioga R R " | 80 | — |
| Phil Wil & Bal | | |
| " R R 6 pr ct | 96½ | 97 |
| Long I R R " | 78 | 80 |
| Sch Nav '82 " | 57 | 58 |
| Lehigh Nav " | 97½ | 98 |
| Mort " | 99 | 100 |
| C & D 6 " | 78 | 80 |
| Sus & Tid '79 " | 50 | 50½ |
| Union Canal | 32 | 36½ |
| Wilm'a & Elmira | | |
| 1st m'rt 7 pr ct | 64½ | 65 |
| 2d " 7 pr ct | — | 50 |
| Catawissa " | — | 40 |
| North Pa 6 pr ct | 57½ | 58 |
| RAILROAD STOCK. | | |
| Cam & Amboy | 97 | 100 |
| Penna | 41½ | 41½ |
| Sea Meadow | 55½ | 55½ |
| North Penna | 9½ | 9½ |

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| Phil Ger & Nor | 52 | 53 |
| Readings | 22½ | 22½ |
| Minehill | 53 | 54 |
| Har & Lan | 55 | 55½ |
| Ches Val | 5½ | 6 |
| Tioga | — | — |
| " preferred | — | — |
| P W & Balt | 31½ | 32 |
| Long Island | 11½ | 11½ |
| Wilmport & Elm | 10½ | 11 |
| Catawissa | 6½ | 7 |
| CANAL STOCKS. | | |
| Sch Nav | — | 5 |
| " preferred | 13½ | 14½ |
| Lehigh Nav | 48½ | 49 |
| Morris Consol'd | 42 | 45 |
| " preferred | 100 | — |
| C & Del | 40 | 45 |
| Union | 4 | 6 |
| Sus & Tidewater | — | 5 |
| BANK STOCKS. | | |
| North Amer | 133 | 133½ |
| Phila | 108 | 109 |
| Far & Mec | 56½ | 57 |
| Commercial | 46½ | 49 |
| N Liberty | 55 | — |
| Mechanics | 26½ | 26½ |
| Southwark | 70 | — |
| S Township | 34 | 35 |
| Kensington | 58 | — |
| Girard | 10½ | 10½ |
| Western | 52½ | 52½ |
| Man & Mech | 25½ | 25½ |
| Commerce | 62 | 65 |
| Tradesman's | 60 | — |
| City | 40 | 44 |
| Consolidation | 23 | 24 |
| Commonwealth | 20 | 20½ |
| Corn Exchange | — | — |
| Pittsburg | 85 | 86 |
| M & M Pitts | 53 | 55 |
| Ex'ge Pitts | 54 | — |
| Kentucky | 114½ | — |
| Northern Ky | 118 | — |
| Louisville, Ky | 115 | — |
| Farmers, Ky | 112 | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | 100 | — |
| Plant's, Tenn | 100 | — |
| Cam & R Vick | 7 | 7½ |
| N O Gas Lt | 120 | — |

## MARRIAGES

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM E WISE to Miss ANNA ELIZA BACK, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. DANIEL WEBSTER to Miss CADY JONES, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Dr. F. CULLEN, M.D. to Mrs. LIBBIE SCOUT, Dep of Camden, N J.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. David Magill, Mr. JAMES NIXON, to Miss ISABELLA MACKEY, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, ED. GAILLARD, Jr. of New York, to Miss MARY A. TAULANE, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. JAMES DEVELIN, to Miss MARY L. ALYWARD, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. GEORGE KINSEY, to Miss ELIZABETH NEVELING.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. PHILIP JOHNSON, to Miss MARY J. DALBEY, both of this city.

In this city, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. Henry S. Clarke, D. D., Mr. RICHARD H. EWBANKS, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss ANNIE E. BARNETT, of the same place.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On third-day, Tuesday, the 15th instant, RUTH ANNA COGGINS, wife of Edward H. Coggins, in her 35th year.

On the 9th instant, in Dubuque, Iowa, SARAH, wife of Miles C. Ott, aged 29 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ANNA E. wife of Alex L. Dubree, aged 35 years.

On the 14th instant, JOHN GALBRAITH, aged 42.

On the 13th instant, PETER LANE, aged 25 years.

On the 11th instant, SAMUEL WHITTAKER, aged 60 years.

On the 13th instant, BENJAMIN EDWARDS, aged 70 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. WILLIAM HORROCKS, aged 38 years.

On the 11th instant, at the Penn Widow's Asylum, Mrs. ANN BURR aged 64 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH C. JAY.

On the 13th instant, SAMUEL HELVERTON, aged 66 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. S. C. SOUTHWORTH, aged 57 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN W. GRAVENSTINE, aged 32 years.

On the 13th instant, MATTHEW LONG, aged 75.

On the 13th instant, Major JOHN BROOKE, aged 67 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. NICHOLAS LANGELIER, aged 62 years.


## $100 A MONTH.

AGENTS ARE MAKING THIS AMOUNT in selling OUR CHEAP EDITION of "*LIVINGSTONE'S SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.*"

Our Circular, with particulars of Agency and Notices of the Press is sent *free*.

A specimen copy of the Book sent, free of postage, on receipt of the price, $1,25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
my29-tf

AGENTS WANTED.—Persons out of Employment who are desirous of engaging in a Profitable and Permanent Business, will please address for terms and full particulars,
je26-3t I. M. DAGGETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

## BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works at LOW PRICES WITH EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS, and *Superbly Colored Plates*. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East to HENRY HOWE, 108 Nassau St., N. Y.; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

## FURNITURE.

PRICES REDUCED.

LARGEST AND MOST SELECT ASSORTMENT OF FIRST CLASS CABINET WARE IN THE UNION,

594 WALNUT STREET,

Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia

GEO. J. HENKELS,
my29-6m Formerly of 173 Chestnut Street.

FARMERS in want of a good MOWER and REAPER can see the most complete machine yet made at the store of C. B. ROGERS, No. 111 Market St. je12-3t

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# Wit and Humor.

## THE POSTMISTRESS MEASURING HER SHARE OF LETTERS.

As the following appears in the *Washington Star*, we suppose it is derived from official sources:—

There is a new town in the Northwest called Barton (contraction of Bartlestown.) At this point a post office has been established; the route extends some distance beyond, and there are several offices further on. Soon after the establishment of the office at Barton, the postmasters beyond began to be troubled by a strange irregularity in the mails. This week, one thing would be missing; the next some other package would be missing; and quite often letters for B. would have to be sent back; this state of affairs became unendurable; and agent Hall was sent on to investigate the matter. He went straight to Barton, where he found the post-office in the back room of a little grocery. It was about time for the mail to arrive, and he took a seat in the grocery, where a plump and good-natured woman, well in years, and possessed of a "rich brogue," attended behind the counter, dealing out small quantities of beer, cheese, cakes, peanuts, etc., to a company of loungers, who seemed to wait for some event.

Hall bought a quantity of pea-nuts, and treated the crowd to beer, by which course he succeeded in removing all suspicions which his decent garb had created against him. Soon the stage drove up and the mailbag was thrown out; the lady picked it up, and retreated to the back room, followed by the crowd—including Hall, who blocked up the door.

After opening the bag, and turning its contents on the floor, the postmistress produced a box, and deliberately proceeded to measure out a peck of miscellaneous matter from the pile on the floor. Having done this, she commenced returning the rest when Hall found his tongue.

"Why, what are you doing there?" he contrived to stammer out.

"Indade," said the postmistress, looking up, "it's changing the mail that I am."

"But how do you know that you get the right matter? Why don't you look it over and select your own?"

"Faith an' it's a fool's job you'd be afther having me do," replied her ladyship. "I can't read niver a blessed bit of ritin', and when my son Jim (he's had school larnin') isn't here, I jest measure out our sheer."

## A RICH SCENE.

A few days since I chanced to stumble into an auction sale of damaged dry goods where the bids were spirited, and the large crowds of males and females were vieing with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up, and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was, I think, a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say "going" a male voice cried out "dollar fifty," from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, elbowing her way through the dense mass of females who were separated from the males by a long counter upon which the glib-tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side, he commenced anew his stereotype vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech till he touched the finale.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Go the fifty!" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman with a half-suppressed smile on his small, sober visage.

A nod from the woman.

"Four fifty I'm offered; go me five! Come, don't be afraid, they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all"

"Sold!" cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith, *for* five dollars."

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, "what, my husband!" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance. "Why, you good-for-nothing man, you're been bidding against your own wife! Oh, you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!"

A LONG PAUSE.—On the 1st of June, in the year 1840, a gentleman, very taciturn in his habits, rode on Battersea Bridge, London. His groom rode after him at a respectful calling distance. Suddenly an idea occurred to the gentleman; he pulled up his horse, and turning his head nearly round, said, interrogatively—

"John!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you like eggs!"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman then turned again and rode on.

On the 1st of June, 1841, John and his master happened again to ride over Battersea Bridge. At the third lamp-post the gentleman pulled up short, and John pulled up simultaneously. The gentleman turned his head and said, still in a tone of interrogation—

"How?"

"Poached!" came John's answer, quick and clear.

This is considered the longest pause in a conversation on record.

ENTHUSIASM.—Wilson and Phinney are leading members of the Washington County bar. Sitting opposite one another at the dinner table—they are always opposite at the bar in the Court-house, and agreed as to the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before at a great political meeting in the village where Phinney resides.

"Indeed," said he, "I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm!"

"Filled with what?" cried Phinney.

"With enthusiasm," repeated Wilson.

"Oh, ah!" said Phinney, "I understand, but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it rum!"

HUMOROUS MISTAKES.—The humors of the Telegraph are very amusing. A year or so since, the agent of the Delaware and Hudson Freighting Line at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, sent the following dispatch to the agent at New York:

D. HORTON:—DEAR SIR,—"Please send me a shipping-book for eighteen forty-nine."

The dispatch, as received read as follows:

D. HORTON:—"Please send me a shipping box, *eighteen feet by nine*."

This other might have been more disastrous in its results; the same parties were concerned. Mr. Horton wrote the proprietor of the line here that he had been subpœnaed on a trial to be held in the Supreme Court of New York, and that as navigation was about to open, it would be necessary to send a man to perform his office duties. The following reply was intrusted to the tender care of the Telegraph wires:—

"See the Judge at once, and get excused; I cannot send a man to fill your place."

The dispatch, as received, read as follows:—

"See the Judge at once, and get *executed*; I can send a man to fill your place."

Mr. H. claims on the margin of the dispatch—a stay of execution.

# Agricultural.

## PEARS FOR MARKET.

Our respected friend, L. F. Allen, of Buffalo, has written an article in the last number of the Horticulturist, to show that pears for orcharding, and especially *dwarf* pears, have proved a failure. On looking over his five pages on this subject, the following are the prominent points of his evidence and argument. He planted largely and well of both standards and dwarfs, but chiefly the latter. They grew well for two or three years, and then many of them began to die, and these losses continued rapidly to take place, the dead ones being replaced, until in five years the renewals were about equal to the original number. Afterwards, during a winter when mice were very abundant, these depredators destroyed nearly all that were left—Thus ended the experiment. Apple and quince trees immediately adjoining, succeeded well with much less care, and bore fruit in abundance. Twenty or thirty of his friends and neighbors commenced pear cultivation about the same time—with diverse soils, exposures, and cultivation, and all these admit their failure except one, who is "constitutionally obstinate" in never confessing an error.

This want of success appears to have been the chief reason for condemning the pear, to which are added the statement that very few good *winter* pears ever appear at pomological exhibitions—that such are "cold and watery"—that three dollars per bushel does not pay for growing, taking the seasons as they run.

On looking a little further at the article of our friend Allen, we think we can perceive a cause of his failure, independently of what may be supposed, that the soil was unsuitable, or too wet, or that fire-blight, which no skill can wholly avert, may have prevailed unusually just at that time. He states that for two or three years after setting, root crops were cultivated among his trees, with plenty of good stable manure, and that during this time many of them grew well. But, three years after planting, at the very period when failure commenced, the land *was laid into grass*, but dug every year thoroughly *for four or five feet* in diameter around each tree, and manure was well forked in.

Now, whatever others might look for, we should *expect* failure with dwarf trees thus cultivated. Root crops do well for all other trees, yet not so well as simple cultivation without any crop, as we have long since and repeatedly stated. But a crop of roots growing at the foot of a dwarf pear, operates precisely as a crop of weeds—for trees recognize no difference between a potato, turnip, or a pig-weed. The hoeing given to the roots is an important help to the tree, but this hoeing is less frequent and more expensive than may be performed on a clean, bare surface. The dwarfs, however, mostly grew well, till the land was laid to grass. Then commenced rapid failure, notwithstanding the spaded circles. Now, we respectfully submit that a spading once a year is too infrequent; but if it had been done once a week, it would still have been insufficient to promote proper growth. For a circle four or five feet in diameter is a radius of two to two and a half feet, from the grass to the tree. Now, it has been ascertained that the roots of grass often extend much beyond this distance; and there is no doubt that this spaded surface was soon underlaid with a dense net-work of grass-roots, abstracting nourishment and moisture from the tree. Every observant person must have seen the darker green and weaker growth of the grass at the outer rim of such spaded and manured circles, owing to the higher feed thus given to it, and by which its roots are encouraged to thrust themselves over the whole surface thus prepared for them, and robbing the tree. But this is not all. The roots of trees extend much further than most cultivators imagine. We have on former occasions fully demonstrated that peach roots run beyond a circle whose diameter is double the height, and that a tree ten feet high should have, not a ten circle three feet in diameter or less as is usually given it, but one more than twenty feet in diameter, or a surface forty times as great as the three foot space. Apple and pear roots extend about as far, the quince roots of dwarf pears only about half as far, and a dwarf pear six feet high does not therefore require cultivated circle more than six feet in diameter, with an additional ring two feet wide compensate for the inner extension of grass-roots—making the whole space ten feet in center. The four-feet dug circles were therefore only a sixth part of the mellow surface that should have been, even if they had been nobly barred through the season.

We had once hoped that the absolute necessity of high cultivation for the dwarf pear was destined to work a revolution in fruiculture, by teaching planters to give all their trees better management. This hope has been realized; for, instead of effecting an improvement in cultivation, it has only induced negligent cultivators to pronounce dwarf pears humbugs.

It is generally recommended to confine the dwarf to *gardens*, where the soil has been made rich, and where in spading and hoeing vegetables, they will get a share of the benefit. As orchards are usually cultivated, it would be perfect folly to attempt the raising of dwarfs by orchard management. But as they should be treated, and as they may come to be, *this mode is superior to every other*, garden culture not excepted. For, as we have just shown, vegetables growing near them interfere in the same way that weeds do, but less in degree on account of the hoeing they get. Besides this, the surface in gardens is mellowed by hand less frequently and at more cost, than by horses, on a large scale. An acquaintance has several acres occupied with dwarfs, among which he allows no crop whatever to grow. The trees are eight feet apart each way, (twelve would be better) and he keeps the whole surface as mellow as an ash heap, with less labor than is required for a field of corn, by means of a two-horse cultivator. He sold his fruit crop last year, during the severest season of the money pressure, for about *twelve hundred dollars*, cash in hand, and a large portion of his pears (*Angoulemes*) sold at *six cents each by the barrel*.

To the question, which may arise, "Under what circumstances can we rely fully on the success of dwarf pears?" we would answer, 1st. When a trial has been made on a small scale, and the soil and climate *have proved* favorable. 2ndly. When those varieties are selected which have proved uniformly successful, wherever any dwarfs whatever have succeeded. 3rdly. When they can be planted on a sufficiently large scale to admit of horse cultivation, for hand culture is too costly, and consequently will not be repeated as often as the trees require—ensuring in all cases to be copious.—4thly, and not least, Where the experiment is conducted by a person of many years' experience in the best management of such trees, and not by merely hearing a fine speech in favor of fruit-growing, or whose knowledge is not derived from a few days' reading fruit books and pomological reports.

We know our friend Allen will excuse us for any strictures on his position, because, in the first place, he is a most thorough and hearty searcher after facts; and secondly, because he is willing to receive and give courteous attention to the opinions of others, even if he may deem them errors.—J. J. THOMAS, in *Country Gentleman*.

LAYERING ROSES.—As it is not too late yet to layer roses, we would recommend any of our readers who may possess a fine variety, to do so immediately—by this means supplying themselves with duplicates, and also have a plant to give a friend. The operation is a simple one. Clear the ground around the plant; bend down the branches; and at the part which touches the ground, make a long slit with a sharp knife; enter the knife near a joint, and slit up towards the point of the branch, splitting the wood to the next joint. Let this be done on the lower side of the shoot, and the split thus made be kept open; peg down with hooked sticks, cover with soil and the work is done.

In this manner all layers are made, and nearly every kind of plant can be thus propagated easily. All kinds of roses can by this means be increased. Carnations are almost exclusively propagated by this means. Some shrubs require to be layered twoor three years before good roots are formed. We have layered the Norway Spruce with success. After the young plant is sufficiently rooted, cut the old branch, and transplant. Grape vines are often increased by this means.—*Southern Cultivator*.

USE OF COAL TAR.—What will coal tar in a liquid state do towards keeping vines free from insects? It will preserve wood from injury by worms and bugs. If it is used, it should be quite weak, say a pint of tar to a gallon of water; if applied to the trunk of peach and apple trees, it will keep off borers, by melting a brown paper and putting it around the trunk just below and above the ground, or wet straw in it, and secure it to the tree with twine, it will be equally good.—*New England Farmer*.

## ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

ADOLPHUS.—"Come, my good fellow, bring me my umbrella—I must be off."

FIEND IN HUMAN SHAPE.—"Somebody must a' been and took yourn, sir, and left this ere one by mistake."

[Adolphus swoons.]

## SPREADING MANURE ON THE SURFACE.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST:—In reading your paper of June 12th, I noticed an experiment, about applying manure to the surface of the ground. The writer said he tried four experiments with manure, and that which laid on the top of the ground three or four weeks raised the best rye. No doubt of it; nobody could expect anything else, it being just where the rye could feed upon it; consequently, it is no more than reasonable to believe that the rye would be best in so applying the manure on the surface, and harrowing or hoeing it in.

But the question is not settled yet. If a farmer carts fifteen or twenty two-horse cart-loads of manure to a field, and spreads it upon the land after it has been ploughed and harrowed; and sows wheat or rye upon the field, and gives it two good harrowings in; by so doing, he gets about one-half or two-thirds of the manure under the ground, to the depth of one or one and a half inches, and that crop of wheat or rye will of course be good, if the season is good.

If your land is heavy, I believe the best way is to spread manure on the top for winter wheat; but if your land is light, I believe the best way is to spread it on the top and plough it in. I know a great many farmers think that ploughing in manure for wheat, and leaving it down there, is a dead loss, but all I ask of you, farmers, who say or think so, is to try a piece both ways—but don't try it on heavy lands.

By ploughing in manure, your crop of winter grain will not be, in some cases, as good as though it were harrowed in; but wait till next season for the timothy or clover crop, then your land will be all right for that. But, say you, how about its going down in the ground to the depth of ten or twelve inches? Don't make yourself alarmed about that; the clover roots will go down ten, twelve, or sixteen inches, and you will raise lots of clover in dry seasons, when some of your skin surface manurers will have to strike three times before they hit what they are striking after.

But the best and surest way of raising a good piece of winter wheat, is to draw out about the 10th of June on clover sward, from twelve to eighteen good two-horse loads of manure and plough under and give a good harrowing or two, and let it lie till about the 10th of September, then plough the same way you did the first time, only a little deeper. If your land lies far to the sun, and you don't raise wheat, it won't be your fault. A JERSEY FARMER.

RINGING THE BARK OF FRUIT TREES.—A remarkable instance of the advantage of ringing occurred here four or five years since. An attempt was made by a man who had been dismissed for drunkenness to destroy some trees by cutting round the trunk and peeling off the bark, but in each case without success. A fine pear tree was operated on thus. All the bark was cut off to the width of 9 inches round the trunk, and every one thought the tree must die. The bark was most effectually removed, with the exception of a few very thin layers of the inner bark appearing like lines on the wood. I ordered the wound to be bound round with a plaster of cow dung. In a short time granulations were thrown out and the bark formed again, and, much to the astonishment of all, ripened a large crop of small yellow pears the following season. It had never been known to bear fruit before, although each year it was covered with bloom. Since the first year the crop has been small, and merely on the highest branches; probably annual ringing would induce annual fertility. —*London Gardener's Chronicle*.

TO PREVENT SOWS FROM KILLING THEIR YOUNG, a new remedy has sprung up, which is said to be entirely effectual. It is neither more nor less than to give the sow in her mess, about half a pint of rum or gin, which produces intoxication, and while in this condition the young pigs find their lacteal supply of food. When the late unnatural mother comes to rights again, and finds her progeny busy helping themselves, she looks upon them with a mother's affection and the utmost kindness of disposition follows. This is surely an easy remedy to try, and if it shall prove to be all that is said of it it may be regarded as about the best use to which rum can be put.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

## SHADE AND FRUIT TREES.

In an enclosure in front of our house stand some locust trees and an English elm. One of the former, a growth of six or seven years, was perforated to a great degree by a species of worm that preys upon the tree, so much so that several of the branches were completely cut off by them from time to time, and the trunk was like a honey-comb from the numerous holes bored through it. The English Elm, like all trees of this kind with which we have any knowledge, has been divested of *all* its foliage twice each summer (except the last) by an insect that fattens on the under side of the leaves, and there feasts until the whole tree becomes entirely leafless. Early last spring we bored a half inch hole nearly through the trunk of each of these trees about three feet from the ground and slanting downward, and filled the holes with corrosive sublimate.

In the course of a week thereafter, the weather being warm, the worms were observed to be leaving the locust tree, and before the summer was over the tree was healthy and vigorous, and no indication of these pests could be discovered in it. The elm retained its full foliage throughout the season, although on a close examination we could find a few of the insects on the leaves, but not enough to do any injury.

The English elm and the Linden are both beautiful trees and of very rapid growth, but have been objectionable in this country from the almost universal liability to be denuded of foliage at least once in the summer.

If, as we believe, corrosive sublimate can be made an effectual preventive to these insect depredations, the knowledge of this fact will be of great benefit to the community.

We think it probable, also, that peach and other fruit trees might be preserved and improved by the same means, but whether the fruit in being eliminated from the sap would carry any deleterious matter into it we are unable to say, but as the vegetable albumen is an antidote for the poison of corrosive sublimate, it is quite probable it would not be injurious to health, especially as so minute a quantity would be deposited.—*Maryland Corres. of the National Intelligencer*.

TECHNICAL WORDS.—In reading, we frequently come across words with which we are unacquainted, and which are necessary to give us a full idea of the subject. To obviate this difficulty, we give a definition of some of the more common words:

| | |
|---|---|
| A firkin of butter | 56 lbs. |
| A sack of coals | 224 " |
| A truss of straw | 36 " |
| A stave of hemp | 32 " |
| A sack of flour | 280 " |
| A quintal | 100 " |
| A Pigrot of steel | 120 " |
| A truss of hay | 56 " |
| A bush | 80 bushels. |
| A kilderkin | 18 gallons. |
| A barrel | 36 " |
| A hogshead | 54 " |
| A puncheon | 84 " |

English prices-current often speak of the price of wheat *per quarter*—to reduce this to barrels, multiply the price by 7, and divide by 12, and it will give the price, (same ratio,) by the barrel. Thus:—If wheat is quoted at 5 shillings a quarter, multiply 56 by 7, and divide by 12, and it gives the price, 32 shilling 8 pence per barrel.—*Ohio Farmer*.

STEAM CULTURE.—The steam-plough would appear to be nearer a realization than many might suppose. The Salisbury failures we already forgotten, or satisfactorily explained. Mr. Smith, of Woolston, has now it is said, upwards of thirty of his implements in use. Mr. Fowler still continues to work by contract; while Mr. Romaine is in better heart than ever as to the success of his scheme. The great test of such a process is becoming practical susceptible of an application. There is to be economy in every possible way—a saving of money, labor, and time. The work, too is to be better done and the results proportionately greater. Mr. Smith, Mr. Meeks, or Mr. Fowler will either of them testify to a quarter more per acre, where steam-power has superseded that of horses. The improvements of the have been, in fact, so striking, that we are told to look upon the experiment as accomplished. Mr. Smith has sold his cart horses, and talks not only of what he himself, but that his "brother farmers," are doing. Mr Fowler is yet more decisive in his dicta;—"so far as steam-ploughing was concerned, he considered his task done."—*Mark Lane Express, (London)*.

THE ALDER BUSH.—VALUABLE ENT.—It is not known to many persons that the common alder bush of the country is a great safeguard to plants against the devastation of bugs. If tried, it will be found that worms, flies, bugs, or insects never touch the alder. This fact was the initial point for experiments of an Englishman in 1794, and he communicated the result to a London magazine. Accident exhumed this old work. The practical results of the experiments, as asserted by the English experimenter, are that the leaves of the alder scattered over cabbages, squashes, cucumbers, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shield them. The plum and other fruits subject to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of alder leaves.—*Progressive Age*.

ENGLISH BUTTER.—From an examination of upwards of forty samples of English butter, Hassall found the proportion of water in them to vary from 10 to 20, and even 0 per cent., and the proportion of salt from one to six or seven per cent. A simple method of ascertaining the quantity of water in butter is, to melt it and put it in a small bottle near the fire for an hour. The water and salt will separate and sink to the bottom.

POWER OF HABIT.—I know from experience that habit can, in direct opposition to every conviction of the mind, and but little aided by the elements of temptation, induce a repetition of the most unworthy actions. The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle *restored* can become as firm as one that has never been moved. It is as in the case of the *mound* of a reservoir; if this mound has in one place been broken, whatever care has been taken to make the repaired part as strong as possible, the probability is, that if it give way again, it will be in *that place*. —*Foster*.

# The Riddler.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 2, 9, 6, 3, is a small animal.
My 6, 5, 4, 7, is a city in Italy.
My 4, 9, 18, 11, is part of a ship.
My 1, 8, 9, 4, 12, 19, is a river in England.
My 14, 5, 19, 15, is a covering for the feet.
My 9, 2, is an interjection.
My 5, 9, 13, 20, is a kind of grain.
My 16 23, 5, 21, 9, 6, 24, is an animal.
My 22, 9, 7, is a part of the head.
My 6, 17, 24, is a color.
My 9, 18, 3, is a kind of drink.
My 2, 5, 4, 20, 12, is a very useful animal.
My 14, 9, 11, is a covering for the head.
My whole is a proverb of much truth.

Centreville, Pa. A. E. W.

## ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 8, 3, 9, 14, is a river in France.
My 5, 6, 10, is an article of apparel used by men.
My 11, 14, 13, 10, is a county in Maryland.
My 12, 13, 9, is a lady's name.
My whole was the name of a distinguished explorer. W. H. H.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*My first's* a word which means a friend,
In the thief's vocabulary;
My *second* is an article,
You will not say the contrary.
My *third* was an actor of renown,
In the play-days of yore;
My *whole's* a kind of vehicle,
Propelled by human power.

GAHMEW.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* does in my *second* grow,
This you will find is true,
In summer's heat or winter's snow,
It has been seen by you.

My *second* oft my *first* contains,
Now this you need not doubt;
'Tis seen upon both hills and plains,
This you can soon find out

If you travel o'er the land,
My *whole* you'll surely see;
When harvest days are near at hand,
The farmer in it will be.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four letters in my name you'll find,
I am a beacon to mankind.
Cut off my head—transpose the rest,
A noted poet stands confess'd.
Cut off my tail and then I'll show
A plant that hereabouts does grow.
And now cut off my tail and head,
Read backwards—and you'll see instead,
A river found in Italy—
Now tell me what my name may be.

GAHMEW.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and transpose, and I am a numeral.

Omit my 2, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am a domestic fowl.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and transpose, and I am used by fishermen.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I signify to rot.

Omit my 2, 4, 6, and I am an agricultural instrument.

Omit my 1, 3, 4, and transpose, and I am a part of the foot.

Omit my 3, 4, 5, and I am not cold.

Omit my 1, 3, 6, and I am a numeral.

Omit my 1, 2, 5, and transpose and I am a heavy weight.

My whole was the name of a United States sloop of war.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| | |
|---|---|
| O-u-se-lout! | Hester Mane. |
| Zeb dream. | Lea-swan. |
| A-torn-to. | Burst-hat. |
| U-er?-no. | Rook. |
| Mad-master. | A-kut-sky. |
| Sels-wick. | Nieh. |
| Fries-mud. | O Amy! |

CINROS.

## MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man wishing to dig a cellar 30 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, on level ground, found that he durst not go that depth below the level, on account of wet; he therefore embanked the earth that he dug out from the cellar around the same in a slanting embankment whose base was 8 feet from the walls of the cellar on all 4 sides, but tapered in above to the perpendicular wall of the cellar; and thereby made his cellar, above and below the level, to be 10 feet deep. Now, provided he packed the thrown-out ground as tight as it had been before digging, how much of said cellar was above, and how much of it was below the level of the plane? Who can tell me?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a nutmeg like a prison window? Ans.—When it is "grated."

☞ Why is a mosquito like a money "shaver?" Ans.—Because he never stops bleeding his victims until some of them smash him.

☞ Why is the letter S like a sewing machine? Ans.—Because it makes needles needless!

☞ What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, *all* will still remain? Ans.—Ball.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. CHARADE—Poland. RIDDLE—Cromwell. ANAGRAMS—Centre, Forest, Somerset, Warren, Monroe, Wyoming, Fulton, Delaware, Tioga, Montour; ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—A got 9 shares or $1980; B got 10 shares or $2200; C got 12 shares or $2640; D got 15 shares or $3300; E got 19 shares or $4180—value of whole estate $14300.